Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

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Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man

Agricultural Exhibitions in Maine--1863.

We give below a list of a portion of the Agricultural Exhibitions to be held in this State during the coming autumn. Will the Secretaries of those Societies not given, please notify us of the time and place of their respective exhibition, that we may be able to give a full list for the State:

Androscoggin Agricultural and Horticultural Society at Lewiston, Oct. 6th, 7th and 8th.
Franklin, at Farmington, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st.
Kennebec, at Readfield, Oct. 14th and 15th.
North Waldo, at Unity, Oct. 21st and 22d.
Ea. Somerset, at Hartland, Sept. 15th, 16th and 17th.
Exhibition of Field Crops at Hartland, third Saturday in November.
Cumberland, at Portland, Oct. 14th.
Waldo, at Belfast, Oct. 7th, 8th and 9th.

State Agricultural Exhibitions in 1863.

Amer. Inst. New York	Academy Music	Sept. 3—23
Intern'l Wheat Show	Rochester, N. Y.	" 8—10
National Horse Fair	Hartford, Conn.	" 8—10
New Jersey	Patterson	" 8—11
Vermont	Rutland	" 8—11
Illinois (Hort.)	Rockford	" 8—11
Iowa	Dubuque	" 22—25
Pennsyl. Horti. Society	Philadelphia	" 15—17
New York	Utica	" 15—18
Ohio	Cleveland	" 15—18
Canada East	Montreal	" 15—18
Kentucky	Louisville	" 15—19
Colorado	Denver City	" 17—18
Canada West	Kingston	" 21—25
Michigan	Kalamazoo	" 23—26
California	Sacramento	" 28—30
Illinois	Decatur	Sept. 28—Oct. 2
Indiana	Indianapolis	" 28— " 3
Pennsylvania	Norristown	" 29— " 2
Amer. Grape Show	New York	Oct. 1—3

Fall Preparation of Land.

As the autumn has arrived, and the hurry and pressure of haying and grain harvest is easing away, it may be well to take into consideration the preparation of land with a view of abridging the work of the coming spring, and putting the soil in a forward condition for next year's crops. We shall not aim to be very systematic in our present suggestions, but rather to start the current of thought in others and let them "govern themselves accordingly," as their desires and means of accomplishment may or will permit.

1. *Preserving what Fertility there is.* It is a custom with many to feed off the second crop of their mowing fields with cattle. This is called "turning into the fall feed." Many believe that this practice does no damage to mowing fields—that the hay crop will be just as large during the next year as if the cattle had not fed it off—that it is the same in effect as cutting the "rowen," or aftermath and carrying it into the barn. A little experience and observation will soon convince one that this is not in fact the case. If the cattle, in their mode of gathering the second crop, nipped no closer than the scythe, or tramped it no harder than the man who mows and gathers it in does, perhaps there would be little difference in the two, but the fact is, that cattle not only nip close and tramp hard, but they are generally allowed to follow it up until snow flies and covers the ground up. By that time the soil is pretty well stripped of herbage, and has no clothing for winter, and but a little fund to start upon next spring.

Now, if the grass had been suffered to grow after all the haying from it had been closed, there would be not only a good coating of grass to serve as a protective mulch to roots during the winter, but the heads or collars of the roots would be stored with food for the early nourishment of the starting blades of the coming season. We saw a striking proof of the benefits of this kind of mulching of grass roots, on mowing lands last year, while walking over the farm of our friend J. W. Haines of Fort Fairfield, Aroostook County. The year previous, Mr. Haines had a forty-acre field stocked to clover, which he left unmowed at the usual haying period, for the purpose of having it mature its seed and be harvested for the seed alone. Instead of the seed maturing, owing to some mysterious atmospheric agency, the seed all blighted and never matured at all. It was no use to cut it for seed, and the ripened stalks were useless for hay, so Mr. W. let it alone. It will be remembered that the June of 1862 was very dry, especially in Aroostook County. Notwithstanding the excessive drouth, we noticed in going over the lots on the last of June, that the grass growing on the unmowed clover lot was a third taller than that on the same field that had been mowed the previous year, and yet the soil was the same—equally acted upon as far as sun and weather were concerned. We attribute the difference to the good effects of the dead clover stalks that had acted as a mulch, protecting from the rigors of the weather during winter, and the drying effects of the drouth in summer.

As like causes produce like effects, we advise to keep your cattle off your mowing lands in the fall, if you can get along without doing it, and let the fall growth act as a mulch.

2. *Preparation for next year's crop.* If we could plow and put into proper condition the land we intended to sow and plant in the spring all within one hour of the time of sowing, or planting, we would not meddle with it until then—for we should thus avoid all the exhausting influences of winds, and heats, and colds. But as this would be impossible, we must suffer the losses, more or less which may arise from such exposures and prepare them when best we can. Experience has now pretty well demonstrated the wisdom of getting in our spring grains as early as we can stir the ground deep enough with the harrow to cover them. The same is true in regard to grass seed.

To effect this, we must do our plowing and other preparations in the fall, and the farmer must consult his programme of arrangements so as to use his team and plows when they will least interfere with harvesting his autumnal crops. Some think that early fall plowing is better than later, for, although the surface will be longer exposed to the drying effects of the winds, and early depleting and exhaustive causes, they will bring a more succulent sod, which by its easier decomposition will be as much more available as a fertilizer as the other will be exhaustive.

In England they keep the plow going all times of the year, but that is a milder, moister and more equable climate than ours, and the exposures cannot therefore be fraught with much if any exhausting of the soil as it would be if under similar exposure in our climate, where we have the extremes of heat and cold, wet and dry.

The spring and fall are therefore the most appropriate times for us to plow, and as our springs are short and rapid, and work always driving, we should equalize it as much as possible by plowing a good part of what we need to do, during the autumn. So speed the plow.

Crop Statistics.

The Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for July is just received. We wish that we could receive this report earlier, as it is somewhat of an old thing before it reaches us. Still it contains much valuable and interesting matter. We condense and give a general summary of the condition of the crops as compiled from the tables.

Wheat and Barley.—These crops have been mostly secured in excellent condition. Local injuries exist, but not to the usual extent. There is no doubt that these crops are the largest ever produced in the loyal States.

Oats.—This crop was greatly endangered by the drought of May and June. But the rains came in season, generally, to cause good heads; and although there was great injury in Minnesota, where the drought has continued, and an injury of two-tenths in Ohio, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, yet the general average is but two-thirds of a tenth below an average crop.

Corn.—This promises well. Although its appearance is two-tenths below an average in the corn-producing States of Illinois, Indiana and Iowa, yet the more general distribution of the rains since, will have some influence in mitigating this injury.

Tobacco.—The crop of tobacco is but one-tenth below the average of a good crop. In Illinois and Iowa it has suffered from drought, being two-tenths below an average crop. The general injury is but five-sixths of one per cent.

Flax.—This product is generally satisfactory. Its reported condition is about the same as that of tobacco.

Cotton.—This crop has not fared so well, it being injured by drought. The general injury amounts to two-tenths of an average crop, although it is double that in one State, and a little over it in Illinois. But its present appearance is favorable.

Sorghum.—In Illinois and Iowa the sorghum crop has suffered from that common enemy, drought. Its appearance in these States is two-tenths below an average. But the general average is only one-tenth below a good crop. Its great ability to endure drought gives assurance that it will recover from this, but its perfect maturity may be retarded.

The Hay Crop.—In the northern States the timothy meadows are mown twice; in the western, but once. The first cutting was a short crop, as seen from the June report. But the amount of clover hay is but one-tenth below an average, and the lately mown meadows have yielded well; but much of the hay in the eastern States was injured from excess of rain. The amount of the hay crop is more favorable than reported last month, but its quality not so good. Hence it will still be advisable for farmers to secure as much corn fodder as they can.

Grapes.—We see it stated that the rot has destroyed one-half the grapes in the vicinity of Cincinnati. Correspondents from other points report its condition as very favorable, and the general average in appearance is up to that of a good crop, and the injury but one-third of one-tenth of an average.

Apples.—This crop gives encouraging promise generally. It is but one-tenth below an average, but in some States it is much injured. In Maine, Massachusetts and New Jersey, it is three-tenths below it; in Maryland, New Hampshire, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Nebraska Territory, it is two-tenths below. In other States it is very promising.

Peaches.—The general average is but one-tenth below. Altogether the present season may be placed in the lists as a "good peach year."

Strawberries and Raspberries.—The inquiries in regard to these were made with a view of ascertaining the extent of their general cultivation. It is gratifying to learn that these delicious small fruits are becoming appreciated everywhere. The average price of strawberries was fourteen cents per quart; of raspberries, eleven cents.

The Weather.—The "weather" in the July table presents quite a contrast with that in the June table. Then there was not a single "very wet" county, but now there are ninety-four. There were but sixteen "wet" then; now there are thirty-eight. Kansas had 5.91 inches of rain in June; in July it had 2.31 inches. Minnesota still suffers from drought. It had but 0.27 inches in June, and in July but 0.63.

The meteorology of these two months possesses a marked difference between the States east of the Alleghany mountains and those west. Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and Ohio exhibit many "very dry" counties during July, whilst Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania and Vermont show many "very wet," and "favorable." The fall of rain, as indicated by measurement, sustains the returns of our farmer correspondents. But the general average of 5.02 inches exhibits a remarkable month, for July is generally a month of drought.

Mowing Pastures.

It is a good idea to go through the pasture each year and cut the ripe grass, brakes and weeds. A few years of this practice will add many rods of feeding ground to the pasture, which would otherwise have afforded no feed for stock. The weeds, &c., obtained, make good mulching, bedding, or perhaps will answer for fodder during cold winter days.

A New Idea.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* prefers lime to salt, for sprinkling on hay. Two quarts of air slacked lime is sufficient for a ton of hay. It is said to absorb the moisture and prevent moldiness, and stock relish the hay thus prepared.

Spanish Merino Bucks.

We are in receipt of several inquiries for this variety of sheep. Those having them for sale would perhaps do well to avail themselves of the use of our advertising columns.

☞ We have received advance sheets of a work on Sheep Husbandry now in course of publication by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, & D. D. T. Moore, Rochester, N. Y., which give evidence of a valuable work. We shall be able to speak more fully in regard to its contents on receipt of the work.

Seeding Land.

A large portion of our farmers use only timothy and red clover in seeding, while a few sow a little redtop, but they usually calculate that the white clover and redtop will "come in" naturally, and such is most always the case, that is, these grasses will be pretty sure to fix themselves upon soil which is naturally adapted to their growth.

All farmers know that the permanency and value of either mowing or pasture lands is dependent on the condition of the sward. The common practice is to seed the ground with the same varieties, without taking into consideration the difference in the nature of that soil, and the adaptedness of the plant to it. Thus one plant or kind may be better adapted to a moist soil than a dry one, and with another it is the opposite.—Clover is particularly valuable for hard clayey soils, as its long searching roots penetrate and make the solid mass more friable.

Timothy, which is our main dependence for the mowing field, is not suited to pasturing. It will not live, for the close feeding of sheep and horses is fatal to the tubers. A mixture of grasses in which redtop and white clover predominates makes the most nutritive pasture feed, and where pasture lands are seeded, a variety of the forage plants should always be introduced.

On deep clayey loams, orchard grass can be cultivated successfully. If sown with western clover seed, about half and half, they make good hay, as they are in a condition to cut at about the same season. The Kentucky blue-grass and the meadow Fescue are good grasses for pasture. The blue-grass requires rich strong soil, and should be sown only on such. The Fescue is said to be a good grass. It starts early in spring and grows till late in the fall, thus giving a bite to stock when other varieties are not in season.

Most of our lands are more profitable for hay than any other crop, and in many cases it would be a disadvantage or an impossibility to go through with a rotation of crops before seeding. In such cases the land can be plowed after the grass is cut, and immediately re-seeded.—Grass seed is said to catch better when sown in this manner in August or first of September, than at any other season of the year. Of course the land will require a supply of manure, unless very rich. Good barnyard manure is the best for the purpose, but in its absence ground bones, superphosphate of lime, or any compost will answer the purpose.

Sheep Husbandry.

We have received a pamphlet on the Adaptation of Washington County to Sheep Husbandry, it being an address delivered before the West Washington County Agricultural Society, by G. F. Talbot, Esq.

We have no doubt but Maine is ultimately to be almost wholly devoted to dairying and stock raising, for which our broken surface is peculiarly adapted, and sheep raising will undoubtedly be one of the leading branches. The present high prices of wool has done much to stimulate the business, and many flocks have been doubled during the past year.

The writer recommends that sheep husbandry be made the principal business of the farmers of the county, and gives some statistics gleaned from answers to inquiries made throughout the county, which go to show its advantages, cost of raising, &c.

We make the following extract from the pamphlet:

"In passing over our poorly cultivated and sparsely occupied county, I have tried to think of some form of industry by which our barren hills may be made productive of wealth, and our scantily peopled towns may become the homes of a more numerous and thrifty, and not less intelligent population. The only enterprise lying within the limits of our moderate means, that bids fair to accomplish these wishes, which I know you all share with me, is the keeping of sheep, and making that branch of husbandry our leading business and the dependence of many families for an income adequate to their reasonable wants. Suppose that every householder who is farmer enough to produce his own butter and pork, should keep a flock of fifty sheep, you can readily see how large a sum it would add to your valuation. There is not only the income derivable from the wool produced, but these thousands of sheep bring with them many hundred acres of fenced pasture, more and larger barns, a greater breadth of tilled land, for which they yield manure, and from which they demand winter fodder, all of which are permanent improvements; besides spreading the tables of many families with a palatable and wholesome meat.

To devise some better modes or new branches of husbandry is the great end of our society, and if we can encourage by our united counsels the establishment of a business that shall add twenty per cent. to the scanty incomes of our farmers, the benefit we have conferred is almost incalculable."

Queries.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I noticed not long since, a couple of recipes in the *Farmer*, one for making apple molasses and one for making currant jelly, in which the use of brass kettles was recommended. Now brass is an alloy of copper and zinc. The salts of both these metals are poisonous, and these salts are formed by the contact of the metals with the acid of fruits. Therefore I would like to inquire if you do not think the use of glazed kettles would be better for the health and for use in cooking fruits.

How shall I destroy the green lice which infest apple trees?

By answering the above inquiries through your columns you will much oblige A READER.

NOTE. We should certainly recommend the use of glazed or porcelain lined kettles for the cooking of all kinds of fruit for preserves. The old brass kettles were formerly the only article known for use for such purposes, hence their common use at this time.

A drenching of strong soap suds, or of whale oil soap will kill the green lice on your apple trees. A dusting with quick-lime when the twigs are damp would probably produce the desired effect. —EDS.

Sorgo.

Sorgo or the Northern Sugar Plant, is the title of a work by Isaac Hedges, issued by Applegate & Co., Cincinnati. It gives a full history of the plant with the particulars of selection of seed, cultivation, manufacturing into different articles as sugar, molasses, vinegar, &c., and is a complete handbook for the cultivator of the sorghum plant. It is particularly adapted to the wants of our Western farmers who are making the cultivation of sorgo and its manufacture into "sweetening" a leading branch of business. Small octavo. pp 200. ill. For sale by C. A. Pierce, Augusta.

Agricultural Miscellany.

HYMN OF THE HARVESTERS.

We gather them in—the bright green leaves—
With our scythes and rakes to-day,
And the mow grows big, as the pitcher heaves,
His lift in the swelt'ring hay.

O ho! a field! for the mower's scythe,
Hath a ring as of destiny,
Sweeping the earth of its burden lithe,
As it sung in wrathful glee.

We gather them in—the nodding plumes
Of the yellow and bearded grain,
And the flash of our sickles' light illumes
Our march o'er the vanquished plain.

Anon, we come with a steed drawn car—
The cunning of modern laws;
And acres stoop to its clanking jar,
As it rocks its hungry jaws.

We gather them in—the mellow fruits,
From the shrub, the vine and tree,
With their russet, and golden, and purple suits,
To garnish our treasury.

And each has a juicy treasure stored,
All beneath its painted rind,
To cheer our guests at the social board,
When we leave our cares behind.

We gather them in—this goodly store—
But not with a miser's gust;
For that great All Father we adore,
Hath but given it in trust.

And our work of death is but for life,
In the wintry days to come:—
Then, a blessing upon the reaper's strife,
And a shout at his Harvest Home.

Farm Life.

With too many, life upon the farm is an employment far too irksome. To most people it does not seem to be an employment so productive in worldly pleasures and advantages as many others, and it often happens that farmer's sons, wearied of the vocation, sick and disgusted with what they call the wearisome monotony of farm life, retire at an early age in disgust from the occupation, and content themselves by selling tape and calico in city stores, or in pursuits even less honorable and profitable, far distant from the homes of their childhood.

This is a state of things that ought not to exist; and which would not exist, if farmers would only realize the dignity and utility of their own vocation, and take reasonable and proper steps to make farming a more intellectual and attractive occupation, by conducting its various details more in accordance with the principles which direct other branches of industry.

It is "all work and no play," according to Webster's spelling book, that "makes Jack a dull boy," and this familiar truism has never had so many sad illustrations, as from that class of boys, who, born into rural life, and early introduced into the severe drudgery of its monotonous duties, are continually seeking for opportunities to escape into other less manly, if more remunerative employments.

Farm life ought not to be thus unattractive and irksome; and it is a shame and a disgrace to our intelligence that the impression prevails, that the smart boys of the family must go to the cities to seek a livelihood, amid the brisk competition that there prevails, while the dunces are expected to remain upon the farm.

The world is greatly mistaken in this view of the case; but those most interested, seem very slow to learn how it may be changed. Generally regarded as a primitive employment, in which there is little if any scope for mental effort or business energy and enterprise, there is little pains taken at home to interest the ardent faculties of the young in the real business of the farm, by seasoning their toil with such ideas of energy, skill and capacity as insure success in other pursuits of life.

The farmer appreciates fine horses; he must have cattle of the pure blood, of some favorite breed, and the father of his flock, whom he expects to add a pound's weight to every future fleece, or a dollar in price to the value of every lamb brought to market, must be an animal of unexceptionable blood. He knows that all these must be carefully watched and tenderly cared for to insure all the most favorable results of their breeding, growth, and development, but oftentimes it happens, that the child of his love, who is to succeed him upon the paternal acres, obtains far less thought and attention than they, and the boy thus acquires a distaste for a pursuit which offers so little scope for his ambition or the development for his genius.

The remedy for these defects, which detract so much from the happiness of households, as well as the advancement of agriculture, lies in each farmer's own home. He must realize first of all, the importance of making his occupation attractive to those whose aid and co-operation he would receive, and this he may do best of all by learning to understand it himself.

The farmer should be a man of ideas as well as a worker, and it may well be doubted, if there is any occupation in life, in which ideas will perform their appropriate work in human development, than in all labors connected with the business of the farm. The farmer too, should be a man of business; it is not enough for him to know how to work, and to be able to work—but he should know how to raise crops; how to breed animals, and the reason for every result which comes within the range of his observation. And he should know too, how to *sell* his crops, that he may attain all the advantage in the market, to which superior knowledge always entitles every one who buys or sells.

Give the farmer such perception of his position, his duties, and his capacities, and there are few whose farms and homesteads would not soon become the joy and delight of their children.

With an earnest desire to secure their interest in the occupation by which he lives, the farmer, by every means in his power, should early direct their attention to all the phenomena of the farm, and making them direct participators in the various duties and enterprizes he has in hand, he will be surprised to find how his own zeal will increase with their growth in knowledge, and how rapidly their faculties will develop by his paternal aid co-operation.

We plead for the boys upon the farm, who only regard farm life, in its connection with the plow, the hoe, and the scythe. And in order to improve the breed of boys, as well as everything else that is useful and necessary for the farmer—we beg of our readers to accept these friendly hints, and thoughtfully to consider if it is not in their power to direct the minds and thoughts of their offspring in such channels as will save at least some of the smartest from the pulpit, the bar, and the yard stick, and thus secure their aid and co-operation, not only in agricultural improvement, but in developing a better race of men, as well as better crops, and better races of horses, cattle, sheep and swine.—*Massachusetts Plowman.*

Stacking and Drying Beans.

A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* gives the following: I use two stakes instead of one, seven or eight feet long, and a half to two inches through. Set them in the ground about two inches apart; put a withe on the stakes a foot or eighteen inches from the ground; take a small handful of beans and lay the roots between the stakes, so far through that the tops will not reach the ground; then a bunch on the other side in the same way. After this, the *roots* only should come between the stakes, and the roots of each bunch should be laid *at right angles with those of the bunch preceding.* When within a foot of the top of the stakes, put on another withe, drawing the stakes together to hug the roots closely, then fill up with beans, as before, to the top; then take two bunches of beans, tie the roots together and lay astride the top; and it is finished.

Beans stacked in this way will never mould, as they often will when stacked around one stake. They should be stacked as soon as pulled, and always handled by the roots. When the stacks are thoroughly dry, they may be taken to the ground whole, pulling the stakes from the ground.

The Art of Milking.

In Jennings' late work on Cattle, the following remarks are given on the subject of milking:—

Milking is performed in two ways, stripping and handling. *Stripping* consists in seizing the teat firmly near the root between the face of the thumb and the side of the fore-finger, the length of the teat passing through the other fingers, and in milking the hand passes down the entire length of the teat, causing the milk to flow out of its point in a forcible stream. The action is renewed by again quickly elevating the hand to the root of the teat. Both hands are employed at the operation, each having hold of a different teat, and being moved alternately. The two nearest teats are commonly first milked, and then the two farthest. *Handling* is done by grasping the teat at the root with the fore finger like a hoop, assisted by the thumb, which lies horizontally over the fore-finger, the rest being also seized by the other fingers. Milk is drawn by pressing upon the entire length of the teat in alternate jerks with the entire palm of the hand. Both hands being thus employed, are made to press alternately, but so quickly following each other that the alternate streams of milk sound to the ear like one forcible, continued stream. This continued stream is also produced by stripping. Stripping, then, is performed by pressing certain fingers along the teat; handling, by the whole hand doubled, or fist, pressing the teat steadily at one place. Hence the origin of both names.

Of these two modes, handling is the preferable, since it is the more natural method—imitating, as it does, the sucking of the calf. When a calf takes a teat into its mouth, it makes the tongue and palate, by which it seizes it, play upon the teat by alternate pressures or pulsations, while retaining it in the same position. It is thus obvious that handling is somewhat like sucking, whereas stripping is not at all like it. It is said that stripping is good for agitating the udder, the agitation of which is conducive to the withdrawal of a large quantity of milk; but there is nothing to prevent the agitation of the udder as much as the dairymaid pleases, while holding in the other mode. Indeed, a more constant vibration could be kept up in that way by the vibrations of the arms than by stripping. Stripping, by using an unconstrained pressure on two sides of the teat, is much more apt to press it unequally, than by grasping the whole teat in the palm of the hand; while the friction occasioned by pressing the finger and thumb firmly over the outside of the teat, is more likely to cause heat and irritation in it than a steady and full grasp of the entire hand. To show that this friction causes an unpleasant feeling even to the dairymaid, she is often obliged to lubricate the teat frequently with milk, and to wet it at first with water; whereas the other mode requires no such expedients. And as a further proof that stripping is a mode of milking which may give pain to the cow, it cannot be employed when the teats are chapped, with so much ease to the cow as handling.

The first requisite in the person that milks is, of course, the utmost *cleanliness.* Without this, the milk is unendurable. The udder should, therefore, be carefully cleaned before the milking commences.

Milking should be done *fast*, to draw away the milk as quickly as possible, and it should be continued as long as there is a drop of milk to bring away. This is an issue which cannot be attended to in too particular a manner. If any milk is left, it is reabsorbed into the system, or else becomes caked, and diminishes the tendency to secrete a full quantity afterward. Milking as dry as possible is especially necessary with young cows with their first calf; as the mode of milking and the length of time to which they can be made to hold out, will have very much to do with their milking qualities as long as they live. Old milk left in the receptacle of the teat soon changes into a curdy state, and the caseous matter not being at once removed by the next milking, is apt to irritate the lining membrane of the teat during the operation, especially when the teat is forcibly rubbed down between the finger and thumb in stripping. The consequence of this repeated irritation is the thickening of the lining membrane, which at length becomes so hardened as to close up the orifice at the end of the teat. The membrane may be easily felt from the outside of the teat, when the teat is said to be *corded.* After this the teat becomes *deaf*, as it is called, and no more milk can afterward be drawn from the quarter of the udder to which the corded teat is attached.

Thinking Farmers.

It is Ruskin, we believe, who regards repose as an element or index of power. He certainly deems it essential in all works of art. But applied to agriculture, the reader will regard it anomalous. It may be; but, we believe, that must depend upon the mode of application.

It is proverbial that the men who exert the strongest influence among their fellows—who sway the popular mind—on whose judgment and language the public rely with confidence, are the most deliberate, cool, *reposeful* men in the community. And this class of farmers are usually successful. They give a good reason for what they do; they do nothing unless they have a clear, logical reason for doing it. When a plan is adopted, it is prosecuted with a persistence and power which conscious strength gives to purpose. The plan is as distinct and defined, and the results as clearly seen by the director, as if they had been already demonstrated.

But the nervous never stand still, consequently the on-the-go sort of a man is usually as fickle and unreliable in character and results of his operations, as he is in his mental strength. He floats on the sea of circumstances. He yields to every impulse. He drifts into every current, and stands on every sand bar. He has no repose, no purpose, no strength, no success. He never finishes what he commences; never commences what he ought, and often begins what he ought not. And this quality of mind or character is fatal to a farmer. Such a man should cultivate repose. He should deliberate. He should seek the strength which comes of calculation. He should yield to no impulse until he can convince himself that he has a tangible reason for it. He should, to a certain extent, become skeptical of his own judgment, and strengthen it by quiet, discreet counsel from his fellow-farmers, in whose judgment and experience he can rely.

A sober, second thought saves the farmer from loss of money and disappointment. And while we do not plead the cause of indolence or inaction, we do urge deliberation in all things.

Farmers' Economy.

Farmers talk a great deal about economy. I know one man who will go three miles out of his way, over a bad road, to save a few cents at the toll gate. Another, who is so economical of blacksmith expenses, that instead of getting a tire set at the right time, will make it do a week or two longer, and some dark night will be found groping his way home with three wheels and a rail to his wagon, while a horse or two are unable to leave the stable on account of lameness, resulting from a misunderstanding of the word economy, as applied to the shoeing of horses. Many a man is so economical in the matter of boards for barns, stables and sheds, that he builds them every year of corn and hay. This may be considered strange building materials, but what I state is true. If an animal is exposed to the storms and colds of winter, it will take one half the food it consumes to keep it as warm as it would be naturally in a good comfortable stable; the other half will just keep it along. So the half of the grain and hay is used for making a stable—expensive building materials, but this is not the economy however, that I would recommend, nor that will pay heavy war expenses.—*Rural New Yorker.*

☞ Improve the soil should be the motto of every farmer, and while improving the soil don't forget to improve the mind.

Harvesting Buckwheat.

No grain is more difficult to harvest without waste than Buckwheat. There is no crop that ripens so uneven—a portion of it being dead ripe—shelling out while the rest is ripening. Hence the difficulty of harvesting at the right time, in order to secure the largest possible amount of seed and in the best condition. The following remarks are to the point—though so far as hay caps are concerned, there is no use in talking:

"Cut your buckwheat when most of the berry can be saved; that is, when the majority of the kernels are ripe, or sufficiently advanced to ripen in the stock when cut.

It will be seen, by taking this view, that the grain must be cut rather green, earlier than is commonly practiced, and that much milk and many white kernels must be cut down. Your grain will cut all the easier; your straw be the better, and the frost be more aptly robbed of his prize.

Cut early, then, and put up at once, when the grain is moist, either with rain or dew. You may avoid the wet. Put up in good sized stooks. The air will readily circulate through. And thus there will be no shelling; you will save all the grain.

To fully preserve the berry from the rain, we advise hay caps, for the heavy, long rains drown the berry, and the flour loses that vivacity and whiteness which are native with the grain, but which are so rarely seen.

It is in this way alone that buckwheat can be properly secured—that the whole can be secured, and in the best condition. In such a case buckwheat flour becomes one of our best brands of flour, if carefully ground. It should not be dried to a crisp before grinding, as is often done. When well secured, as it should be, it will do to take to the grist-mill from the fanning mill. Avoid grinding close, for remember the bran makes up what the flour loses, and makes one of the best feeds.—*Homestead.*

Foot-Rot in Sheep.

Foot-rot can be cured. Whoever doubts it is grossly ignorant, and if his doubts are of long standing, probably hopelessly so.

The cure does not depend so much upon the efficacy of some particular medicine, as upon the general management.

The first thing to do is to yard the flock, and select all that appear unaffected and put them by themselves. With a swab wash their feet between the hoofs with a strong solution of blue vitirol, or diluted nitric acid, or corrosive sublimate dissolved in alcohol, or something that will destroy any infection that may attach to the foot. Put them in a pasture where no diseased sheep have been, and carefully watch the "first appearance of evil." If a sheep appears at all lame, remove it at once, and it may be best to re-examine and swab them all after about a fortnight. Watch them close for a few weeks, and don't let any sheep stay in the flock after it shows any signs of being affected.

Carefully examine all the lame sheep; remove with a sharp knife the diseased flesh and loosened horn or hoof, carefully avoiding to cut the live flesh, and then apply blue vitirol, or some other approved remedy, and put the sheep into a dry, clean place. Repeat that process once a week till they are cured—and cure them you can.

Failures occur because people fancy there is some omnipotence in the medicine—whereas much depends upon judicious surgery, and more upon unremitting attention until the cure is complete. Cures will never be effected by semi-annual doctoring. The first application will cure the majority of cases; but if you wait till they are re-infected before you look at them again, you are back to the starting place; and if you persevere till all are cured but one or two, and leave them to spread the infection, as is very often done, then you will never be rid of the disease. But if you follow it up skillfully, without omission once every week, you will surely have them sound in from four to six weeks—unless, very rarely the disease may be dormant for that time in cold weather, and in that case be ready for it when it comes out.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Barns.

When barns are scattered about the farm some thirty yards from each other, and as many more from the house, it *pays* better to move and arrange them in a more convenient manner—as the time would soon amount to enough to pay all expenses, say nothing of what better care the stock will receive when near the house, than they used to at the "further barn." Also, *it pays* to put a good stone wall (laid up with mortar) under every frame building—except corn-houses and cheese-houses, which should stand upon posts set solid in the ground, with a large tin pan bottom side up placed upon the top of every post to prevent mice running up. Remember and have the mason leave several small holes at the top of the wall to let air in; for if closed tight it will cause the sill and sleepers to decay. When you build a bridge in front of the large doors, of stone and dirt, do not put any *dirt near the sill*, as the water from the roof will soon cause decay. I believe thousands of dollars are wasted in this way every year. *Remedy*—Build your bridge of stone or dirt within two feet of the doors, and place a stick of timber four inches from the sill, and four short pieces from sill to embankment, and place two planks upon this foundation and your sill will not decay here before it does anywhere else. Do not nail a board on the front side of the sill where the doors are, as this will cause decay. —*Colonial Farmer.*

Charcoal and Salt for Hogs.

One of the best articles that can be given to swine, while confined, is charcoal, pulverized, and common salt. Salt and sulphur, are also very good articles, and should be constantly supplied.

We would not, however, be understood as urging the necessity of keeping these articles continually by them, or introducing them into their daily food. The first is necessary to obviate the bad tendency of certain kinds of aliment, and should be supplied in quantities varying from one pint to two quarts, as often as once or twice a week. Salt should always be introduced as a seasoning in food. When it is not so used, it should be given twice a week, or it may be placed in a box in the stye, to which the animals can have access whenever they wish to partake.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Horse Chestnut.

(*Æsculus Hyppocastanum.*) From the great popularity of this tree, both for ornament and shade, its fruit is destined to become very abundant, and its present reputation is settled in this country as a useless production. No animal but the deer can be forced to eat it. Now, if it can be rendered an edible material, it may become an important article to the community some day or other, as it is well known that whole districts in France subsist on the fruit of the common chestnut. Mr. Flandin, an agriculturist of some note in England, says that the nut of the horse chestnut, dried and freed from the shells, if ground and mixed with one or two per cent. of carbonate of soda, or one pound of soda to the hundred, and then washed till white, is fit food for man or animals. The salt removes all the bitter principle from the nut.

To Remove Lice from Cattle.

Dissolve camphor gum in new rum—making the liquid pretty strong of camphor, and apply on various parts of the body of the animal. It is a harmless application, so far as the animal is concerned, leaving the coat free and clean—but destroys the lice. In two or three weeks, make another application in order to kill the young ones that may have hatched out.

Hints for the Household.

Good Housekeeping.

So much "Advice to Housekeepers" is constantly going the rounds of the press, that we feel a little diffident about broaching the subject; but, as it is a prolific theme, and one of general interest, inasmuch as the comfort, health and happiness of every family depends very much on good housekeeping, we will venture a word.—These writers on housekeeping—who, by the way, are generally men—seem to think that one word covers the whole ground, and that is—work. To work early and late, to scrub and scour, and churn and sweep, and wash, and bake—this, according to their theory, is good housekeeping. There never was a greater mistake. Some of the most notable workers we ever knew, were poor housekeepers. They *made* as much work as they *did*. To keep your whole house—garrets, closets, cellars—everything neat and clean; to see that nothing is wasted; to serve up well-cooked food in an attractive and orderly manner; to have "a place for everything and everything in its place" this is good housekeeping. This sounds formidable enough, but one head and one pair of hands very often meet all these requirements, and that, too, in an easy, quiet way that seems like magic. It requires skill and forethought to keep it straight; but, by giving everything its proper time and place, it is easily accomplished.

If a lady be mistress of a large family, it by no means follows that, to be a good housekeeper she must prepare every morsel of food, or to do all the washing, sweeping, milking, and the thousand other things to be done in a family. She may not do any of them, and yet be a notable housekeeper. Any one can do the hard, rough work, but not every one can plan it rightly; and this planning, management or whatever you please to call it, is the grand secret of perfect housekeeping. Without it, one may work hard all the time, and still have a comfortless and disorderly home, while with it, a vast amount of work is performed with little bustle or fatigue, and the housewife has leisure for more refined occupations, or for mental improvement. We have known many notable housewives, who thought no farmer's wife or daughter should take time for music, or reading, or even for the fine needlework, but we cannot understand why the workers should not enjoy such pleasure as well as the idlers of fashion.—*N. J. Farmer.*

TOMATO MEAT PIE. Cover the bottom of the pudding dish with bread crumbs, then make a layer of cold roasted mutton, cut in small pieces, then a layer of tomatoes sliced, then another layer of bread crumbs, another of meat, another of tomatoes, and then cover with bread crumbs and bake till the crust is brown. Season with salt and pepper to your taste. It will bear high seasoning. Serve hot and a better relishing dish is not often met with.

CRAB APPLE JELLY. Jelly from any other tart apples can be made in the same way as the following—apples, however, should first be sliced. The crab apples have a very delicate flvor—better for jelly than that of other apples.

Put them in a kettle with just enough water to cover them and let them boil four hours, then take them off the fire and rub them through a colander; this will separate the seeds and skin from the pulp; then strain them through a flannel bag. Then to each pint of the juice thus strained, add a pound of white sugar and boil for twenty minutes—meanwhile skim, if necessary; then fill your glasses or moulds and let them stand for two or three days in the sun, till sufficiently hardened.

TO PRESERVE PLUMS. Make a syrup of clean, brown sugar; clarify it; when perfectly clear and boiling hot pour it over the plums, having picked out all the unsound ones and stems: let them remain in the syrup two days, then drain it off; make it boiling hot, skim it, and pour it over again; let them remain another day or two, then put them in a preserving kettle over the fire, and simmer gently until the syrup is reduced, and thick or rich. One pound of sugar to each pound of plums. Small damsons are very fine, preserved as cherries, or any other ripe fruit.—Clarify the syrup, and when boiling hot put in the plums; let them boil very gently until they are cooked and the syrup rich. Put them in pots and jars; the next day secure as directed.

BLACK CURRANT WINE. To every three quarts of juice, put the same of water, unboiled; and to every three quarts of the liquor add three pounds of very pure moist sugar. Put it into a cask, reserving a little for filling up. Put the cask in a warm dry room, and the liquor will ferment.—Skim off the refuse when the fermentation shall be over, and fill up with the reserved liquor.—When it has ceased working, pour three quarts of brandy to forty quarts of wine. Bung it closely for nine months; then bottle it, and drain the thick part through a jelly-bag until it is clear, and bottle that. Keep it ten or twelve months.

ELDER-BERRY WINE is considered valuable in cases of sore throat, influenza, &c. As we have sometimes met with it in England it is not a bad imitation of Port. That, however, was not considered the *medicinal* kind, for making which the following recipe may be followed: To every quart of elder-berries put two quarts of water; *boil* half an hour, run the liquor and break the fruit through a hair sieve; then to every quart of juice, put three-quarters of a pound of sugar, coarse, but not the very coarsest. Boil the whole a quarter of an hour, with some Jamaica peppers, ginger and a few cloves. Pour it into a tub, and when of proper warmth, into the barrel, with toast and yeast to work, which there is more difficulty to make it do than most other liquors. When it ceases to hiss, put a quart of brandy to eight gallons, and stop up. Bottle in the spring or at Christmas. The liquor must be in a warm place to make it work.—*Boston Cultivator.*

DYSENTERY SYRUP. Take of rhubarb and wild cherry bark, a handful each; sugar, 4 tablespoonfuls. Simmer awhile, and add a little brandy.

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, Sept. 10, 1863.

Terms of the Maine Farmer.

$2.25 per annum, or $2.00 if paid within three months of the date of Subscription.

☞ *These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.* ☜

All payments made by subscribers to the *Farmer* will be credited in accordance with our new mailing method. The printed date upon the paper, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us *the name of the office to which it has been previously sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Notice.

Mr. Jas. Sturgis is now engaged in canvassing Cumberland County.

Mr. V. Darling will visit Hancock County during the present month.

Shall Maine Furnish some part of Them?

It has been decided by the Government that another fleet of iron-clads shall be built as soon as it is possible to construct them. The experience gained in the construction, equipping and operating those already in use, will greatly improve those to be built and facilitate the labor and other requirements of their construction. The several navy yards of New York, Charleston and Kittery, are employed in building them. Their iron armor is to be thicker, and more carefully prepared and applied than any before put on, and the whole are to be made as perfect and effective as the skill and scientific facts as yet developed by former practices in the great art of modelling these new engines of warfare will warrant. Now, the great and important part of these monitors, or iron-clads, and without which they are not so good as our old fashioned wooden frigates, is the *iron covering* on the outside. This covering must not only be of sufficient thickness, but also of a peculiar tenacity ar toughness, to resist the heavy battering of the immense balls which are hurled against them. It does not answer to cover them with any kind and every kind of iron. The English Government ascertained that, by a series of carefully conducted experiments. They proved that some varieties of iron were slivered and shattered almost like glass, while other varieties made from peculiar ore would stand the shock of the same missiles without showing hardly a dent. The very best iron of this sort, that could be gathered from the whole of the British dominions, was found to be that manufactured by our neighbors of Woodstock, in New Brunswick, from ore found near the boundary in that place. The fact was ascertained by the Geologist of the Maine Scientific Survey, that this formation of iron ore, was the same in character and quality, as that found on our side of the line and was announced by Prof. Hitchcock to the public through the columns of the *Farmer*.

Since then we have called the attention of our readers and of capitalists to the fact once or twice, that we have in Maine any quantity of the ore which makes the very best iron for clothing iron-clad ships. We have urged the importance of Government supplying itself in part from this source, not only from motives of economy to itself but from a sense of remunerating encouragement to the settlements on our frontier.

We are convinced that the best results would attend the working of this ore not only to the United States Government, but to Maine. As there are arangements being completed for another iron-clad fleet to be built, we again call attention to this matter, and mean to reiterate it until something shall be effected in regard to the use of our iron. At any rate the facts and the project shall not be forgotten through any fault of ours.

That we are not getting up a visionary scheme, or talking "without book" we beg leave to quote a paragraph or two from the report of the Scientific Survey of 1862, and, first, in regard to the quality of the Woodstock iron.

Dr. Geo. L. Goodale, chemist to the Survey—to whom was submitted the ore with a request to report to Prof. Hitchcock more fully in regard to facts respecting this iron—says that the following facts were communicated by one of the obliging partners of the "Woodstock Iron Company."

The English Admiralty instituted experiments at Shoeburyness, (England,) in order to test the resistance which iron plates would offer to the heavy ordnance of Sir. Wm. Armstrong. In that trial every plate was shattered, except a triple plate made of Woodstock iron. This plate was indented by the shot, but not pierced and immediately arrested considerable attention. The fine results obtained by the Woodstock plate determined the use of that iron in manufacturing the ships in the English Navy.

A paper was prepared by Wm. Fairbarn, F. R. S., and published in the *Artisan* in which it is stated of this iron that its "tensile strength in tons per 59 inch, is 24,86. Scrap iron plates were readily shattered by the shot." (Report of Scientific Survey, page 418.)

We shall at some future time recur to this matter again, for we are anxious that the natural resources which we have, should not only be known and remembered, but should be turned to good account for the good of the State and the Nation.

GIVING CREDIT. In common with other papers we have often been much annoyed to see items and extracts taken from our colums without due acknowledgment being made, and frequently whole articles are "gobbled up" and not a word of credit given. Now in regard to this matter of giving credit, the whole thing is to be told in a sentence. If an item or article is worth using, it is worth giving credit for. This is the rule that should govern the wielder of the scissors. Still there are, often, extenuating circumstances. For instance, we often find in our exchanges articles or items which we would like to use, and do use, but which were copied into that paper without credit, so that if we use them at all, we must take them as we find them. We shall endeavor to do the honest thing in these matters, and have no reason to doubt that our exchanges will do the same.

BRIEF NOTES ON THE WEATHER for the week ending Sept. 6th, 1863:

Aug. 31st—Fair; cool; heavy dews; wind W.

Sept. 1st—Foggy till 9½ A M.; warmest for day, 66 deg. at 1 P. M.; cloudy; P. M. overcast; wind S.; slight shower in night.

2d—Fine; warmest for day, 68 deg. at noon; wind S. W.

3d—Foggy and misty all A. M.; P. M. overcast; warmest for day, 67 deg. at noon; wind S.

4th—Fine; cool; warmest for day, 66 deg. at noon; wind N. W.

5th—Splendid; clear; Frost last night; warmest for day, 64 deg. at 2 P. M.; wind N. W.

6th—Splendid; clear; warmest for day, 73 deg. at 2 P. M.; wind S. W.

☞ The barque May Edson, fitted out some time since by A. T. Stewart, the New York millionaire, with a cargo of provisions for the starving poor in Ireland, arrived in New York on Monday on her return voyage from Belfast, bringing 130 emigrants whose passages were given them by Mr. S.

☞ We see that the Hancock Ag'l. Society, which holds its Exhibition at Ellsworth, will have this year, besides the usual attractions, a balloon ascension by a Boston aeronaut. The affair is advertised to come off on the grounds at 2 P. M. of the 25th of September.

☞ We see by the Woodstock, (N. B.) *Times* that Secretary Goodale is rusticating down in the Provinces, and no doubt uniting business with pleasure, in both of which he will have an eye to the good of agricultural interests.

The War News of the Week.

The combined movement of Gens. Rosecrans and Burnside in Tennessee is progressing favorably. Burnside at last accounts had crossed the Cumberland Mountains and on the 2d inst., took possession of Kingston on the Clinch river, about forty miles from Knoxville. The march over the mountains was very exhausting to the men and horses, but he met with no serious opposition from the enemy. With the occupation of Knoxville all Eastern Tennessee, with the exception of the region round Chattanooga, will be free. Gen. Rosecrans has crossed the Tennessee river at Stevenson and his van guard has reached Trenton, thus effectually flanking the rebel position on the left, and compelling Bragg to abandon his strong position at Chattanooga, or give battle at a disadvantage.

Rumors of a projected flank movement by Lee's army have created considerable excitement in Washington during a few days past. Reliable information from the Army of the Potomac, contradict these reports. Gen. Lee has not given the slightest indications of a forward movement. On the contrary it is believed that he is waiting the result of operations by Rosecrans and Burnside in Tennessee, and Gilmore at Charleston. The opinion prevails among intelligent officers at headquarters, that if their operations are successful, Lee will give up the contest.

The two gunboats Satellite and Reliance, recently captured by the rebels near the mouth of the Rappahannock, were destroyed near Port Conway by an expedition under Gen. Kilpatrick, sent out for the purpose. They were opened upon from the shore by our batteries and so completely riddled by shot that they will be of no further use to the rebels.

The operations in Charleston harbor have been vigorously prosecuted during the past week. Gen. Gilmore has worked his parallels up to within one hundred yards of Fort Wagner, and is now able to deliver fire at a distance of two hundred yards. The Fort is said to be destitute of water, the garrison being compelled to supply themselves from the shallow wells about which the putrid remains of the dead soldiers have lain since the disastrous assaults were made by our forces. Compelled by thirst, some of the soldiers are so imprudent as to drink it, the next day they are in the hospital and before the close of the week many of them are in their graves. Communication with Charleston is almost completely cut off. The monitors made an attack on Fort Moultie on the 31st ult., and a terrific cannonading was kept up for several hours, but apparently with little effect on either side.

News from New Orleans confirm various reports of a formidable expedition being about to depart from that city. It will be composed of the flower of Gen. Grant's Vicksburg army. The destination of the expedition is given out to be Mobile, but there is some reason to believe that it may have another and more important object. The anticipated rupture of friendly relations with France, it is thought may make it necessary to concentrate a strong force at the mouth of the Rio Grande, for the purpose of checkmating the designs of Louis Napoleon in Mexico.

GREEK FIRE. Our readers have noticed the name of this article in connection with the bombardment of Sumter and the attack on Charleston. The name has been given to different kinds of compounds, which is enclosed in shells and thrown into cities for the purpose of firing them. The Journal of Commerce says there are several patents out for these compounds, and the exact methods of mixing and using them are known only to the inventors. But the basis of them all is said to be phosphorus dissolved in bisulphide of carbon. The latter is a very curious liquid, having all the apparent purity of distilled water, and a very high refractive power, but evolving, on evaporation, or combustion, the foulest stench known to chemical science—a science which positively revels in nauseous odors. It has the extraordinary property of dissolving phosphorus freely, and preserving it in a fluid state for any length of time when kept from the air. The compound kindles at a heat as low as that of phosphorus alone. When the shell, charged with this "villainous" mixture, explodes by percussion or otherwise, the dissolved phosphorus is set on fire and scattered far and wide. Wherever it strikes, it burns for a long time with an almost inextinguishable flame, and ignites all combustible materials that it touches. At the same time, the bisulphide of carbon throws out its abominable odor, and assists in keeping meddlers at a respectful distance!

THE RISE IN GOLD. Washington correspondence says that the rise in gold during the past two or three days has been caused by a false report, created by reckless speculators, who telegraphed to New York that there was assurance of an advance of Lee's army toward Washington. The Washington *Republican* of Thursday says "the cause of this sudden rise is evidently the result of some bogus news, as there is nothing known to the Government here to cause any depression in the money market." It is thought that the apprehended difficulties with France in reference to the Mexican question may have had some influence upon the money market. The latest quotations of Gold are $130½.

☞ Winfield S. Norcross, of Monmouth, and James Wharff, of Madison, were before Judge Ware, at Bath, on Thursday last, charged with obstructing the progress of the draft in this city, by engaging in conspiracy to defraud the Government. Each pleaded guilty, their counsel stating some mitigating circumstances that induced the Judge to lessen the severity of the sentence. Norcross was sentenced to pay $300, and Wharff $500, and stand committed until the same is paid.

THE CONSCRIPTION IN THE FIRST DISTRICT. Provost Marshal Doughty makes return of the result of the conscription in the 1st District to Capt. Thos. C. Bailey, A. A. Provost General of the State, as follows:—Whole number of drafted men reported and disposed of up to Aug. 31st, 2,463; of whom 1,103 were exempted for physical and other causes; 4 paid commutation fee; 299 furnished substitutes; 20 drafted men held to service. The number to report and be disposed of, 2,231.

☞ The Waterville *Mail*—one of our favorite exchanges—comes to us restored to its former dimensions, having been published for the past two years on a half sheet. It is printed on new type with a new heading, and presents altogether a very handsome appearance. We hope the Waterville community will have the good sense to appreciate and reward the enterprise of the publishers as it deserves.

☞ The Election in Vermont took place on Tuesday of last week, for State officers and Representatives to Congress. Returns from 141 towns give Smith the Union candidate for Governor 20,758 votes, and Redfield, Democrat, 7738. The Union candidates for Congress are elected by large majorities.

☞ The riot in New York was a very expensive job for the city. The claims from damages already reach nearly two million dollars, and are not all in yet. The number of claimants thus far is 1663, averaging about $1000 each. The tax-payers of the city will have a very pretty little bill to pay.

☞ The first snow squall for the season occurred on the summit of Mount Washington on the 16th of August, and on the next day ice formed nearly an inch in thickness.

Meeting of the City Council.

SEPTEMBER, 7, 1863.

Present, the Mayor, and a quorum in both branches.

The Clerk of the Common Council being absent, Mr. Henry M. Leighton was appointed Clerk protem.

Petition of N. G. Whitehouse and others, for a new street over Child street.

REPORTS ACCEPTED:—Report of the City Marshal; of the Committee on Highways to whom was referred the petition of J. W. Williams and others, to have Mt. Vernon Avenue widened, recommending the same to be widened six feet on the north side; of the Committee on New Streets to whom was referred the petition of John L. Cutler and others, for the widening of Water street, that they have widened the same as directed, and assessed the damages as follows: to John McArthur, $2,500; to Charles F. Wingate, $300; of the Committee on Accounts on Roll of Accounts No. 5, amounting to $652.60; of the Committee on Bells and Clocks, that they have contracted with Urial Wood to ring the South Parish church bell the ensuing year for $100, and with B. & M. M. Swan to take care of the City Clock for $25; of the Committee on the Fire Department, to whom was referred the communication of the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, that the Engines and Engine house were much out of repair.

ORDERS PASSED. Referring the doings of a General Meeting of the Inhabitants of Augusta, held at Meonian Hall Saturday Aug. 29, 1863, to a Joint Select Committee consisting of Aldermen Hallet, Wall and Williamson, and Councilmen Potter, Whitehouse, Hayward and McDonald; directing the Chief Engineer to repair the Engine and Engine house, expending an amount not exceeding two hundred dollars; appointing Aldermen Vose and Gaslin, and Councilmen Whitehouse, Brown and Dyer, a Committee to ascertain whether the owner of the Council Rooms allow any persons unknown to the City Council to occupy them; directing the Superintendent of Burying Grounds to remove a body buried in John M. Plummer's lot in Mt. Pleasant Cemetry; offering $400 to any person who shall give such information as shall lead to the discovery and conviction of those who set fire to the barn of Vassal D. Pinkham, on Green St. Adjourned.

REMEDY FOR DIARRHŒA. In answer to our inquiry for a remedy for diarrhœa, L. S M., of Jersey City, sends in the following: Make a strong tea of white oak bark and administer to the patient in doses from a gill to a half pint in amount. Two or three doses will be sufficient to effect a cure.

Another remedy is proposed by S. M., of Oxford. He says, take some wheat flour and roast, but not burn it, by putting it in the oven or over the fire until quite brown, then mix and boil it in milk same as for porridge. By adding a little loaf sugar it is ready for use.

H. C., of Exeter, gives the following as a remedy for the same complaint. To half a pint of good brandy add one ounce of gum myrrh and let it dissolve. Give the patient a small dose of castor oil, then in fifteen minutes give a tablespoonful of white sugar in which as much of the mixture is put as the sugar or spoon will contain, and administer this dose as often as the pain returns.

Another correspondent writes as follows:

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Your correspondent P., asks for a remedy for the diarrhea and dysentery. The moment I saw that inquiry I felt it my duty to make known a remedy that I have used in my family with complete success since 1848 In that year a letter giving this remedy, appeared in the *Christian Alliance*, from the pen of Rev. H. G. O. Dwight, one of our missionaries at Constantinople. Although the letter was written during the prevalence of cholera in Turkey, and the prescription given in anticipation of America's being invaded by that disease, I have always found it a certain and speedy cure for diarrhœa. Mr. D. says: "The cholera in almost all cases begins with a mild diarrhœa, which in that stage is most readily cured. I have been called to prescribe in a great multitude of cases of cholera in this incipient stage, and I have found every one of them to yield to this medicine, viz.: A mixture of equal parts of laudanum, tincture of rhubarb, and tincture of camphor. Of this, eighteen drops may be given for an adult at a dose in mild cases, to be increased according to circumstances, and to be repeated every two or four hours, as the violence of the disease demands."

I will add another excellent remedy which I received from my family physician some thirty years since: One-fourth ounce rhubarb, one-fourth ounce saffron steeped in one gill water and boil half an hour and strain it, and add one gill best brandy, one nutmeg grated, two ounces loaf sugar. To a small child give third of a teaspoonfull night and morning.

Respectfully, E. C. W.

Calais, Sept. 1, 1863.

EFFECTS OF DECEASED SOLDIERS. Packages addressed to the friends of deceased soldiers, of the Army of the Potomac, consisting of valuable effects left by them at their decease, have been left in charge of the Ladies' Aid Society of this city. They will be forwarded to their destination on application to the Secretary of the Society, Miss Hannah B. Fuller. The following are the names of the soldiers to whom they belonged:

Sergt. Eben S. Allen, Co. D, 3d Maine; Lieut. Geo. W. Bragg, 4th Maine; Sergt. G. Brookings, Co. G, 4th Maine; Privates—Moses D. Emery, of 3d Army Corps; Geo. Johnson, Co. K, 4th Maine; Ira L. Martin, Co. K, 4th Maine; Corp. Geo. W. Jones, Co. B, 17th Maine.

BURGLARY. The store of B. & M. M. Swan on Water Street, in this city, was entered on Thursday night last, and robbed of jewelry, watches and other property to the value of about $100. The burglars effected an entrance by boring holes in the front door of the store, and removing a portion of the lock. The most valuable goods were securely placed in the safe beyond the reach of the rascals, but a large amount of valuable silver ware in a glass case upon the counter, and easily accessible, was unmolested by them. We understand that City Marshal Libby is on the track of the robbers and will be sure to give a good account of them.

DEFALCATION OF A RAILROAD SUPERINTENDENT. We learn that Edwin Noyes, Esq., of Waterville, for many years Superintendent of the Androscoggin & Kennebec Railroad, is charged with the embezzlement of the property of the Company to a large amount. It is alleged that he has been engaged for several years past in the sale of wood belonging to the Railroad, appropriating the proceeds to his own use. The amount of the defalcation thus far ascertained is reported to be $40,000. Mr. Noyes is said to have left Waterville to avoid the consequences of exposure and is supposed to be now in Canada.

BOUNTY TO VETERAN VOLUNTEERS. The Governor offers to pay to Veteran Volunteers, a bounty of $100 in addition to the Government bounty of $402. The time in which recruits can avail themselves of the State bounty will expire on the 25th of the present month. The soldiers who have served nine months, who propose to re-enlist should avail themselves of this offer immediately.

☞ It will be seen that the Mayor in accordence with a vote of the City Council, offers a reward of $400 for the discovery and conviction of the person who fired the barn of Vassal D. Pinkham on the 27th of August last. We trust that it may result in the detection and punishment of the perpetrator.

☞ Housekeepers in this vicinity should not leave valuable clothing out nights, as we learn that clothes-line thieves have been making large operations lately.

THE STATE ELECTION. The election in this State for Governor, Members of the Legislature and County Officers, takes place on Monday next. The canvass of the contending parties is being prosecuted with more than usual animation and vigor, and will result in the polling of a large vote. We shall publish the result after election. Meanwhile we give a list of the Candidates nominated by each party for Governor, Senators and County Officers, for the information of our readers who do not read the political papers:

UNION NOMINATIONS.

For Governor, SAMUEL CONY.

Aroostook County—Parker P. Burleigh, Senator; S. Robinson, County Commissioner; H. Bradbury, County Treasurer.

Androscoggin—Jere Dingley, Jr., Senator; Daniel P. Atwood, Clerk of Courts; Jesse Davis, County Commissioner; Enos T. Luce, Judge of Probate; I. N. Parker, Sheriff.

Cumberland—Samuel E. Spring, Levi Cram, Daniel Elliot, John H. Philbrick, Senators; D. W. Fessenden, Clerk of Courts; Charles Humphrey, County Commissioner; Thos. H. Mead, County Treasurer; John A. Waterman, Judge of Probate.

Franklin—Wm. H. Josselyn, Senator; Solomon Stanley, 2d, County Commissioner; Leonard Keith, County Treasurer; B. F Atkinson, Register of Probate.

Hancock—Thos. Warren, John Milliken, Senators; Rufus H. Libby, County Commissioner; Wm. H. Pillsbury, County Treasurer; Nathan Walker, Sheriff.

Kennebec—D. L. Milliken, Jos. A. Sanborn, Josiah True, Senators; Nathaniel Chase, County Commissioner; Daniel Pike, County Treasurer.

Knox—Geo. A. Starr, John B. Walker, Senators; Chas. A. Miller, Clerk of Courts; Zenas Cook, 2d, County Commissioner; Alden Sprague, County Treasurer.

Lincoln—Everett W. Stetson, Senator; J. Cargill, County Commissioner; L. McCobb, County Treasurer.

Oxford—Rufus S. Stevens, Geo. B. Bowers, Senators; Albert L. Burbank Clerk of Courts; C. C. Cushman, County Commissioner; Wm. A. Pidgin, Co. Treasurer.

Penobscot—Osgood M. Bradbury, Augustus D. Manson, Charles Beale, Senators; Lore Alford, County Commissioner; Ambrose C. Flint, County Treasurer.

Somerset—David D. Stewart, John S. Tenney, Senators; Lewis Wyman, County Commissioner; Silas W. Turner, County Treasurer; Joseph F. Nye, Sheriff.

Sagadahoc—Josiah Merrew, Senator; Robt. B. Street, Clerk of Courts; Sam'l Farnham, Henry Donnell, County Commissioners; Chas. Cobb, County Treasurer; Francis Adams, County Attorney.

Waldo—Wm. McGilvery, Elias Milliken, Senators; John P. Ames, County Commissioner; Asa A. Howes, County Treasurer.

Washington—S. H. Talbot, L. L. Wardsworth, Senators; Isaac Wilder, County Commissioner; Ignatius Sargent County Treasurer.

York—Luther Sanborn, Ezeff H. Banks, Elisha H. Jewett, Senators; Alfred Hall, County Commissioner; Albion H. Gile, County Treasurer.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

For Governor, BION BRADBURY.

Aroostook County—B. F. Carpenter, Senator; Daniel Howard, County Commissioner; J. V. Putnam, County Treasurer.

Androscoggin—Benj. Allen, Senator; Seth Howard, County Commissioner; T. J. Howard, County Treasurer; Asa P. Moore, Clerk of Courts; Sewall Strout, Judge of Probate; John Goodenow, County Attorney; Philo Clark, Sheriff

Cumberland—Sewall C. Strout, James Gunnison, Theodore M. Bradbury, Chas. Pennell, Senators; John F. Anderson, County Commissioner; Horace J. Bradbury, County Treasurer; Henry D. Evans, Clerk of Courts; Allen Haines, Judge of Probate.

Franklin—James J. Morrill, Senator; John Willis, County Commissioner; Amasa Corbett. County Treasurer; Virgil L. Craig, Register of Probate.

Kennebec—Andrew Masters, P. C. Bradford, E. L Getchell, Senators; Daniel H. Brown, County Commissioner; Stephen Young, County Treasurer.

Knox—Edward O'Brien, Elbridge G. Knights, Senators; Oliver L. Kalloch, County Commissioner; B W. Lothrop, County Treasurer; Ezekiel Ross, Clerk of Courts.

Hancock—Bushrod W. Hinkley, Milton Tufts, Senators; Calvin Bessy, County Commissioner; Hosea B. Wardwell, County Treasurer; Benj. Rea, Sheriff.

Lincoln—Joseph E. Smith, Senator; Robert Spinney, County Commissioner; Edward B. Bowman, County Treasurer.

Oxford—David Colcord, Thos. J. Cox, Senators; Wm. Dunn, County Commissioner; Samuel R. Carter, County Treasurer; Samuel F. Gibson, Clerk of Courts.

Penobscot—Gilman W. Burleigh, Wm. R. Miller, Frank Hamblen, Senators; James Garland, County Commissioner; Isaac W. Patten, County Treasurer.

Piscataquis—Henry Hudson, Senator; Jesse Nutting, County Commissioner; Sumner L. Thompson, County Treasurer.

Somerset—Samuel Taylor, Marsellus Stewart, Senators; Thos. Fuller, County Commissioner; Edward Rowe, County Treasurer; Abram Spooner, Sheriff.

Sagadahoc—Harvey Preble, Senator; J. B. Strout, County Commissioner; Thos. M. Reed, County Treasurer; Chas. W. Larrabee, County Attorney; Albert T. Thompson, Clerk of Courts.

Waldo—Joseph Miller, Thos. M. Morrow, Senators; Henry Black, County Commissioner; Wm. T.Colburn, County Treasurer.

Washington—John C. Talbot, Geo. Walker, Senators; Edwin Longfellow, County Treasurer; Jos. Crandon, County Commissioner.

York—Edwin C. Wiggin, Alvah Doe, Geo. M. Freeman, Senators; Samuel Hasty, County Commissioner; Moses Goodwin, County Treasurer.

KNICKERBOCKER MONTHLY. The September number of this old pioneer magazine which for some time past has been partially under a cloud, gives indications of becoming something more like what it was in its former days. Louis Gaylord Clark, the former presiding genius of the Editor's Table, has returned to his accustomed seat and the readers of *old* Knick, may not search in vain for such choice morsels of literature as were served up of yore. The leading prose articles in this number are—Grecian Mythology; The Prose of a Poetess (Mrs. Browning); Miss Trim's Legacy; A picture of Peru; Adrift on the World, continued; and Ashes from the Pipe of an Old Smoker, which comprises brief essays and talks on various subjects, and put in an agreeable and readable shape. The poetry is—September; Good Bye; Fredericksburg and the Baron Brunow, &c. These with the Editor's Table, Book Notices, Notes on Literature, Current Events, &c., fill up the number. New York, Kinahan Cornwallis, proprietor. $3,00 a year.

HARPER for September opens with a laughable article illustrated with comical engravings and entitled An Unprotected Female in the East. The Pennsylvania Coal Region is a readable, illustrated paper. The stories are—Paul Hayden's Confession; Five Years; Mistress Gowan and Son, and the usual continued articles. Parson Russel's Secret; In Memorian, and Once Upon a Time, poetry. These with some short Essays, Monthly Record, Editor's Chair, and Drawer, &c., complete the number. From A. Williams & Co. Boston. For sale by C. A. Pierce, Augusta.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for August is received with the following table of contents.—Roger Collard—Philosopher and Politician; Wilson's Pre-Historic Man; Thomas de Quincey—Grave and Gay; Henry St John and the Reign of Queen Anne; The Education and Management of the Imbecile; The West Highlands of Scotland; Pretensions of Spiritualism—Life of Home; The Cotton Famine and Lancashire Distress; The National Defences. New York, L. Scott & Co., Publishers.

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. As its name indicates, this monthly is a compilation from leading foreign publications, and gives us the best—the very cream of foreign literature. The September number opens with a splendid engraving for which this magazine is justly celebrated, and gives us a table of contents, comprising twenty articles. This number begins the sixtieth volume. New York W. H. Bidwell Editor and Proprietor. Terms $5,00 per annum.

☞ We have received an elegant mezzotint engraving by Sartain, of Eastlake's great painting "Christ Blessing Little Children." It is a picture of rare artistic excellence exhibiting most beautifully and impressively one of the most touching scenes in the life of the Saviour. Published by W. J. Holland, Springfield, Mass., and sold by subscription at $2 per copy. Mr. J. M. Thayer of Portland, is general agent for this State.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. July number. Contents: The Resources and Future of Austria; Natural History of the Bible; Glacial Theories; Our Colonial System; Washington Irving; Modern Spiritualism; Sacred Trees and Flowers; Roba di Roma; The Nile—Speke and Grant. New York, L. Scott & Co., 38 Walker Street.

THE WAR WITH THE SOUTH. Part 21 and 22 of this serial is received. This number brings the history down to November 20, 1861. New York, Virtue, Yorston & Co., publishers. Price 50 cts. a number. Sold only by subscription.

☞ The U. S. General Convention of Universalists will be holden at Portland on Tuesday, 15th inst.

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT LINCOLN. The following letter addressed by President Lincoln to the Union State Convention recently held in Illinois, will interest our readers, as presenting an authentic and explicit exposition of the policy and purposes of the Government in reference to the future conduct of the war. It will be seen that the President has no hope of a peaceable and permanent settlement of the difficulties into which the rebellion has plunged the country in any other way then by the total defeat and destruction of the military power of the Confederacy, and to this end he will make use of all the power with which he is invested by the constitution and the laws of war:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Washington, August 31, 1863.

Hon. James C. Conklin—My Dear Sir: Your letter inviting me to attend a mass meeting of unconditional Union men, to be held at the capital of Illinois on the 3d day of September, has been received. It would be very agreeable to me thus to meet my old friends at my own home, but I cannot just now be absent from this city so long as a visit there would require.

The meeting is to be of all those who maintain unconditional devotion to the Union, and I am sure that my old political friends will thank me for tendering, as I do, the Nation's gratitude to those other noble men whom no partizan malice or partizan hope can make false to the Nation's life.

There are those who are dissatisfied with me. To such I would say: You desire peace, and you blame me that we do not have it; but how can we attain it? There are but three conceivable ways:—First to suppress the rebellion by force of arms. This I am trying to do; are you for it? If you are, so far we are agreed: If you are not for it, a second way is to give up the Union. I am against this; if you are you should say so plainly.

If you are not for force nor yet for dissolution, there only remains some imaginable compromise. I do not believe that any compromise, embracing the maintenance of the Union, is now possible. All that I learn leads to a directly opposite belief. The strength of the rebellion is in its military—its army. That army dominates all the country and all the people within its range. Any offer of terms made by any man or men within that range, in opposition to that army, is simply nothing for the present, because such man or men have no power whatever to enforce their side of a compromise, if one were made with them.

To illustrate: Suppose refugees from the South and peace men from the North get together in convention and frame and proclaim a compromise embracing a restoration of the Union, in what way can that compromise be used to keep Gen. Lee's army out of Pennsylvania. Gen. Meade's army can keep Lee's army out of Pennsylvania, and I think can ultimately drive it out of existence; but no paper compromise to which the controllers of Gen. Lee's army are not agreed can at all affect that army. In an effort at such compromise we would waste time, which the enemy would use to our disadvantage, and that would be all.

A compromise to be effective, must be made either with those who control the rebel army, or with the people first liberated from the domination of that army by the success of our army. Now, allow me to assure you, that no word or intimation from the rebel army, or from any of the men controlling it, in relation to any peace compromise, has ever come my knowledge or belief. All charges and intimations to the contrary are deceptive and groundless, and I promise you, that if any such proposition shall her after come, it shall not be rejected and kept secret from you. I freely acknowledge myself to be the servant of the people, according to the bond of service in the United States Constitution, and that as such, I am responsible to them.

But, to be plain, you are dissatisfied with me about the negro. Quite likely there is a difference of opinion between you and myself on the subject. I certainly wish that all men could be free, while you, I suppose, do not. Yet, I have neither adopted nor proposed any measure which is not consistent with even your view, provided you are for the Union. I suggested compensated emancipation, to which you replied that you wished not to be taxed to buy negroes. But, I had not asked you to be taxed to buy negroes, except in such a way as to save you from greater taxation to save the Union exclusively by other means.

You dislike the Emancipation Proclamation, and perhaps would have it retracted. You say it is unconstitutional; I think differently. I think the Constitution invests its Commander-in-Chief with law of war in times of war. The most that can be said, if so much, is that slaves are property. Is there—has there ever been—any question that by the law of war, property both of enemies and friends may be taken when needed, and is it not needed, whenever taking it helps us and hurts the enemy? Armies the world over destroy enemies' property when they cannot use it, and even destroy their own to keep it from the enemy. Civilized belligerents do all in their power to hurt the enemy, except a few things regarded as barbarous or cruel. Among the exceptions are the massacre of vanquished foes and non-combatants, male and female. But the Proclamation as law is valid or is not valid; if it is valid, it cannot be retracted any more than the dead can be brought to life.

Some of you profess to think that its retraction would operate favorably for the Union. Why better after the retraction than before the issue? There was more than a year and a half of trial to suppress the rebellion before the Proclamation was issued, the last one hundred days of which passed under the explicit notice that it was coming unless arrested by those in revolt returning to their allegiance. The war has certainly progressed as favorably for us since the issue of the Proclamation as before. I know as fully as one can know the opinion of others, that some of the Commanders of our armies in the field, who have given us our most important victories, believe the emancipation policy and the aid of colored troops constitute the heaviest blows yet dealt to the rebellion, and that at least one of those important successes could not have been achieved but for the aid of black soldiers. Among some of the Commanders holding these views are some who have never had any affinity with what is called abolitionism or with Republican party politics, but who hold them purely as military opinions. I submit their opinions as being entitled to some weight against the objections often urged, that emancipation and arming the blacks are unwise as military measures, and were not adopted as such in good faith.

You say you will not fight to free negroes. Some of them seem to be willing to fight for you; but, no matter; fight you, then, exclusively to save the Union? I issued the proclamation on purpose to aid you in saving the Union. Whenever you shall have conquered all resistance to the Union, if I shall urge you to continue fighting, it will be an apt time then for you to declare that you will not fight to free negroes. I thought that, in your struggle to save the Union, to whatever extent the negroes should cease helping the enemy, to that extent it weakened the enemy in his resistance to you. Do you think differently? I thought that whatever negroes can be got to do as soldiers, leaves just so much less for white soldiers to do in saving the Union. Does it appear otherwise to you? But negroes, like other people, act upon motives. Why should they do anything for us if we will do nothing for them? If they stake their lives for us, they must be prompted by the strongest motives, even the promise of freedom, and the promise being made, must be kept.

The signs look better. The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea, thanks to the great Northwest for it, Nor yet wholly to them; three hundred miles up they met New England, Empire, Keystone, and Jersey, hewing their way right and left. The sunny South, too, in more colors than one, lent a hand. On the spot, their part of the history was jotted down in black and white. The job was a great national one, and let none be blamed, who bore an honorable part in it. And while those who have cleared the great river may well be proud, even though that is all, it is hard to say anything has been more bravely and better done than at Antietam, Murfreesboro', Gettysburg, and on many fields of less note. Nor must Uncle Sam's web feet be forgotten. At all the waters' margins they have been present, not only in the deep sea, the broad bay, and the rapid river, but also up the narrow, muddy bayou, and wherever the ground was a little damp, they have been and made their tracks.

Thanks to all, for the Great Republic, for the principle by which it lives and keeps alive for man's vast future. Thanks to all.

Peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon, and come to stay, and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that among freemen there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal are sure to lose their case and pay the cost. And then there will be some black men who can remember that with silent tongue and clenched teeth and steady eyes and well poised bayonets, they have helped mankind on to this great consummation, while I fear there will be some white men unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they have striven to hinder it. Still let us not be over sanguine of a speedy and final triumph. Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God in His own good time will give the rightful result.

Yours very truly,
A. LINCOLN.

For the Maine Farmer.

Narrative of the Indian Expedition in Minnesota.

HEADQUARTERS GEN. SIBLEY'S EXPEDITION, Camp Stevens, Dakotah Territory, 52 miles from Fort Abercrombie, Aug. 16, 1863.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As, like myself, a large portion of the men forming this expedition, are from the good old Dirigo State, and have many friends among your subscribers still interested in our movements, I think a reliable account of the results of this expedition would be of interest to them, and counteract the bad effects of the false rumors in circulation East.

This brigade left camp Pope twenty-two miles above Fort Ridgley on the Minnesota river, June 16th. It consists of the 6th, 7th and 10th Regts. Minn. Vols., 7th Minn. Mounted Rangers, 3d Minn. Battery of two 6-pounder guns, and six 12-pounder howitzers. With Co. A of the 9th Minn. Vols. as pioneers, the renowned Pierre Battineau with some twenty Sioux half-breeds as scouts, and a supply train of three hundred Government mule teams. We moved up to westward of Big Stone Lake July 4th, camped on the Cheyenne river, forty-five miles from Abercrombie. At this time our destination was Devil's Lake, Dakotah Territory. On the 11th of July resumed the line of march, after having communicated with Fort Abercrombie. July 15th, two Chippawa half breeds came in and reported a hunter's camp from Pembina, on the James river and Sioux, sixty miles to the west of that. July 20th, left a camp composed of two companies from each regiment, one section of the battery, all the sick of the brigade and all the train, except sufficient for the transportation of twenty-five days rations and ammunition, strongly entrenched on Lake Ellen and named camp Atchison. With the remaining force pushed on for the hostile Sioux. At night came up to the Pembina camp in command of the priest who ransomed the white boys last winter from Little Crow. July 21st, crossed the James river; 24th, at noon, halted to water at a lake. Here, Mr. George Brackett, beef contractor, and Lieut. Freeman of Minn. Mounted Rangers, stopped to hunt. At 2 P. M., met Indians in force. We immediately put the teams in corral, and threw up intrenchments to protect them. Gen. Sibley hoping to treat with the Indians, ordered the tents to be pitched. Their old men told him they did not wish to fight, but that the young braves were determined to fight. About 3.30 P. M., Dr. Weiser, 1st Minn. Mounted Rangers, very imprudently rode up to and conversed with the Indians. One of them suddenly raised his gun and shot him dead. The others fired on the scouts without effect. The country from the James to the Missouri rivers is very hilly. As if by magic, the hills were instantly covered with Indians. The 6th, 7th, and two sections of the battery immediately advanced with skirmishers in front, and Mounted Rangers on the flank. We drove them from hill to hill without check. At a distance of six miles from our camp we found their camp broken up and a long plain alive with panic stricken fugitives. By this time, both men and horses were so completely exhausted that a vigorous pursuit, which must have resulted in the destruction of the entire force, was impossible. The Indians numbered 6,000 to 7,000, 2,500 to 3,000 warriors. Two companies of the Mounted Rangers alone overtook and sabred them like sheep without resistance, so completely were they disheartened. Darkness ended the pursuit. We returned to camp at 12 midnight. Loss on our side, one Ranger shot, one Ranger killed instantly, horse and rider, in the height of the fight, by a flash of lightning.

At the camp we found some scouts who told us Lieut. Freeman was killed, and Brackett hidden in the grass.

The Record of the War.

Cavalry Expedition towards Richmond---Over 100 of the enemy Killed.

FORTRESS MONROE, Aug. 29. Gen. Wister's cavalry have just returned to Yorktown, from an expedition to Bottom's Bridge. The force engaged was part of the First New York Mounted Rifles, Col. Onderdonk, and the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry, Lieut. Col. Sears. The expedition left Williamsburg on the 26th inst., and pushed through New Kent Court House directly to Bottom's Bridge.

At the latter place one rebel regiment of infantry in rifle pits were found, who were supported by a squadron of cavalry. A charge was immediately made and the rebel rifle pits were carried and the rebels driven across the bridge, which they took up behind them. Our troops lost one killed and one wounded. We captured five prisoners from the enemy, who left dead on the ground one officer, one sergeant and one hundred men. They also carried off a number of our dead.

The bridge being rendered impassable by the rebels and the object of the expedition being entirely accomplished, our troops returned with much valuable information as to the enemy's force and movements in the vicinity of Richmond.

Capture of Federal Vessels by the Rebels.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1. The Richmond papers of the 29th state that another brilliant exploit took place last Tuesday, in the Bay of the mouth of the Rappahannock, which resulted in the capture of three Yankee sailing vessels, the Coquette, the Golden Rod and the Twin Brothers. One of the ships was laden with coal and the other two with anchors and chains. The Golden Rod, drawing too much water, was destroyed; the other two were safely towed into a Confederate port. Fifteen Yankees were captured at the same time and have been received at the Libby prison. Lieut. Wood has thus secured five prizes and made about ninety prisoners. The last expedition was attended with no loss on our side.

Capture of Rebel Steamers with Valuable Cargoes.

KEY WEST, Aug.22. Another fine prize steamer was brought into our harbor on the 19th by Acting Master Martine of the U. S. steamer De Soto, Capt. Walker, by whom she was captured in the Gulf, to the South and east of Mobile, about two hundred miles, having on board 580 bales of cotton.

On the 20th, still another prize steamer came in from the De Soto, whose officers will all become rich on their prize-money. This is the fast side-wheel steamer Crescent, from Mobile, and last from Havana, with a full and assorted cargo of merchandise, including a large proportion of provisions and drugs. She was captured by the De Soto while on her way to Mobile, and had no flag, not even the English. She will be a valuable prize. On the 21st, an English topsail schooner, the Fornie, was brought in, a prize to the barque Restless, whose station is at Charleston Harbor, Florida. She was cleared at Matamoras, for Liverpool, with a full cargo of cotton.

Crossing of the Arkansas by Gen. Blunt---The Enemy decline a battle.

LEAVENWORTH, Kansas, Sept. 1. Advices from Fort Gibson to the 25th ult. state that Gen. Blunt with 6000 men and twelve pieces of artillery, crossed the Arkansas river on the 23d, but the enemy declined a battle and fell back. The rebel force is estimated at 25,000.

Location of the Rebel Army in Virginia---Rebel Deserters.

NEW YORK, 2. A Washington despatch says that the best attainable information locates Lee in Richmond, and his army scattered from the line of the Blue ridge on the west, to Port Royal and the Rappahannock river on the east, and south as far as the line of the Virginia Central Railroad. His troops are so scattered to facilitate subsistence.

It is generally conceded by the best military authorities, that Lee must commence offensive operations this month or disband his army. It is believed that to this end he is concentrating another large army for an invasion, which is his only hope, and is to be attempted as a last resort.

Rebel deserters are coming into our lines in large numbers. It is estimated that fully 2000 have been received and sent to Washington since the army left Maryland. There is a large number now in in the guard house.

Gen. Grant Endorses the Emancipation Proclamation and the Employment of Negroes in the Army.

NEW YORK, 2d. The *Tribune's* dispatch says, the President has received a letter from Gen. Grant, in which he not only pledges himself to aid Adj. General Thomas in his labors, but also heartily endorses the Emancipation Proclamation and the raising of colored troops, and earnestly expresses the opinion that with the latter great results can be attained.

The War in Arkansas---The Rebel Marmaduke's Cavalry Driven out of Brownsville---The Battle of Honey Springs.

ST. LOUIS, 2d. Gen Steele telegraphs to Gen. Schofield from Duval's Bluff, Ark., August 26th, as follows:

Our advance, under General Davidson has driven Marmaduke's cavalry, about 3000 strong, out of Brownsville, capturing Col. Burbridge and some privates.

At last accounts Gen. Glover's brigade was pushing the enemy towards Bayou Metorie.

A despatch from Pilot Knob says that desertions from Burbridge's command report that Gen. Price's forces were driven across the Arkansas river on the 19th ult., and that the rebels were in full retreat, and that Generals Steele and Davidson were in hot pursuit.

Marmaduke's command was completely routed and scattered, and Little Rock is within the grasp of the Federal army.

WASHINGTON, 2d. Major General Blunt, in his official report of the battle of Honey Springs, Ark., says:

The 1st Arkansas regiment particularly distinguished themselves. They fought like veterans, and preserved their line unbroken throughout the engagement.

He says "their coolness and bravery I have never seen surpassed."

They were in the hottest of the fight and opposed to Texan troops of twice their number, whom they completely routed. The 20th Texas regiment which fought against them went into the fight with 200 men and came out with only sixty.

Arrest of a Rebel Sympathizer.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3d. A Baltimore paper says Mr. Alfred Spates, President of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, was arrested yesterday morning by a Government detective, and taken before Col. Fisk.

The charges against Mr. Spates were numerous and of a very serious character, most of them having reference to his alleged interviews with Gen. Lee and Gen. Ewell, during the late campaign in Maryland and Pennsylvania. Col. Fisk sent Mr. Spates to Fort McHenry to await a trial by military commissioners, unless the case is otherwise disposed of by the authorities at Washington.

From Charleston---Attack on Fort Moultrie ---Favorable Progress of the Siege.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4. The steamer Union, from Charleston bar 31st ult., arrived this morning. She lay off Charleston bar from noon Monday until sunset.

About 2.30 on Monday the iron-clads moved up towards Sullivan's Island, taking position abreast of Fort Moultrie, upon which they opened fire.

Moultrie replied, assisted by a battery on Sullivan's Island; also by Wagner and Gregg.

Gen. Gilmore's battery kept up fire on Fort Wagner.

Sumter was silent. The rebel flag still flies over its remains.

The result of the attack on Fort Moultrie was not known when the Union left.

A person on board the steamer Union states that Fort Wagner has been silenced, and that our Monitors passed by without paying any attention to it, while en route to attack Fort Moultrie.

An Ensign of the fleet while on night duty in a boat had passed up to the city without discovering any appearance of obstructions, and the prevailing impression was that our fleet could pass up to Charleston by a dash.

The stormy weather of the last two days has checked naval operations. Everything is in readiness to go on with the attack, and all we are waiting for is favorable weather. The rebels raised another gun on the ruins of Fort Sumter on Saturday.

The operations of Gen. Gilmore are progressing with great vigor. His approaches are now so close to Fort Wagner that the combatants are throwing shell and hand grenades at one another. On Wednesday we drove the enemy from his rifle pits on the left advance line 100 yards, and captured 78 prisoners, including two officers.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4. The steamship Fulton, from Port Royal 1st inst., and Charleston bar 5 P. M. of the same day, arrived at 7 o'clock this evening.

The siege still continues. Gen. Gilmore had succeeded in running parallels against Fort Wagner. The iron-clads had been withdrawn from the attack on Fort Moultrie and the batteries on Sullivan's Island.

Charleston has not been bombarded for ten days. The casualties among our troops average six per day. Everything is progressing favorably, and all are confident of the final success of the Union troops.

Destruction of the Gunboats Captured by the Rebels.

A Headquarters dispatch to the *Times* gives the following details of the destruction of the gunboats Satellite and Reliance:

"Gen. Kilpatrick's force, consisting of cavalry and two batteries of artillery, reached King George's Court House and drove in the enemy's pickets Tuesday evening. A brigade of rebel infantry under Col. Low, lay on this side of the river at Port Conway. During the night they incontinently fled across the stream by means of two large flat boats, which they have at that place. Had they shown fight they would probabave been captured.

Gen. Kilpatrick then waited several hours for the appearance of the gunboats, but they not arriving, and fearing the enemy might interfere, he ordered Elder's battery to open, which it did at seven hundred yards, and the Satellite, was soon in a sinking condition. The range on the Reliance was not so good, but she, too, was rendered worthless, and both are now so nearly destroyed that they can neither do any mischief nor again be so repaired by the enemy as to be useful.

Kingston, Tenn. taken by Gen. Burnside---The Rebels Evacuating East Tenn.

BRIDGEPORT. Tenn., Sept. 4. Gen. Burnside telegraphs that he took Kingston on the 2d inst. Part of Gen. Mintry's brigade of this army went in simultaneously. Gen. Burnside says he met with little serious opposition.

All Western Tennessee, except the Chattanooga region, has been evacuated and is free. Everything is working splendidly, both in this army and Gen. Burnside's. The great obstacle of the region—the Lookout mountains—will be surmounted in a day or two.

Statement of a Richmond Refugee---Vallandigham advises the Rebel Invasion of Pennsylvania and Ohio.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4. The *Times* of this morning prints the following statement:

"Having just returned from the city of Richmond, Virginia, where I have been over one year, I wish you would give the following publication:

I have during my stay in Richmond, made the intimate acquaintance of J. Lane, a captain in the Confederate army, son of Gen. Joe Lane of Oregon, who is well informed, and who assured me that the late invasion of the North by Gens. Lee and Morgan were made upon the earnest and undoubted representations of that "true Southern man," Vallandigham, who assured President Jeff. Davis and his Cabinet that the North was ripe for a revolution, and only awaited the appearance of the Southern army to proclaim for Jeff. Davis and forsake Lincoln.

Mr. Vallandigham's representations were corroborated by the tone of the majority of the Northern journals, who surely would not denounce the Administration so boldly, except by the assurance of having the masses strongly in their favor.

I have sent a copy of this note to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Respectfully Yours,

(signed) HENRY REINISH.

Later Operations in Charleston Harbor---Bombardment of Fort Moultrie.

NEW YORK, 5th. The *Herald's* Morris Island letter of the 1st inst., states, that for two or three days past, a new battery on Sullivan's Island has been making fruitless attempts to annoy our men in the advanced trenches. It is supposed to be one of the 11 inch guns taken from the Keokuk. The firing is very good, except its range is short, and it is only at long intervals that a shot from it reaches the Island.

Four monitors, the Passiac, Patapsco, Nahant and Montauk, came in yesterday afternoon and engaged Fort Moultrie and the batteries on Sullivan's Island, firing an occasional shot at Sumter and Wagner. The engagement opened at 3 30 P. M., and for about two hours was maintained with great intensity, particularly on the rebel side. The firing from Moultrie and battery Bee was terrific; their heavy guns rattled off like snare drums in tattoo, and several shots threw tons of water in a perfect cataract over the turrets and decks, shaking them with the concussion. Many shots struck the monitors, but did but little damage.

The heavy rifle and 15-inch shells of the ironclads burst with effect over and in Moultrie, and sent the earth whirling in all directions. Fort Wagner was repeatedly struck by the exploding shells, and somewhat damaged. She fired but few shots during the contest at the monitors. Battery Gregg was exceedingly active. Her heavy guns were in play from the first to the last of the engagement, and made some excellent shots. The monitor's shells went on all sides, and had no effect in silencing her guns.

Sumter was struck several times by rifle shells from the Passaic and Patapsco, but besides detaching masses of loose masonry, it did no further damage to the fort. No guns were dismounted, if they exist.

After two or three hours' fighting, the monitors responded to the general signal from the Ironsides to cease firing and withdraw. What the object of the attack was, has not been developed.

Some days since, the enemy made a systematic effort to blow up and destroy the gunboats and transports in Stono Inlet, by means of torpedoes. Fortunately no serious damage was inflicted on any of the vessels by the torpedoes, but the escape was quite narrow enough for comfort. One torpedo exploded a little astern of the Pawnee, and blew her launch, which was towing astern, to fragments. A few minutes later, a tremendous explosion occurred on Bird Key, a few rods below the Pawnee, occasioned by another torpedo, sent down at the same time.

From facts since developed, it is certain that the rebels sent down on that night at least ten of these inventions, three on four of which were picked up. One drifted through the fleet of transports, and up the Folly river, and exploded under the bows of mortar schooner C. P. Williams, but occasioned no damage. The torpedoes are precisely like those found in the Lighthouse Creek, and go off at the slightest concussion.

MORRIS ISLAND, Charleston Harbor Aug. 29th.

Under this date C. C. Fulton writes: "Deserters, several of whom enter our lines every day, represent the people of Charleston as anxious to surrender the city, but Beauregard is determined to devote it to destruction. The shelling process caused general surprise, Beauregard having pledged his professional reputation that it was an impossibility and mere Yankee bravado. It is ascertained that the first shell fired entered a house occupied by a number of officers, killing several and destroying the house. Some of the shell went to the farthest extremity, destroying a large cotton warehouse and other buildings.

Deserters say there are but 25 men in Fort Sumter, that it will be blown up as soon as we attempt to take possession.

A Great Expedition to Sail from New Orleans---Its Destination Uncertain.

NEW YORK, 5. It is stated from New Orleans that much excitement existed there among rebel sympathizers and their friends in reference to the great military and naval expeditions about to depart from that point. It is understood that the flower of Gen. Grant's army, recently operating at Vicksburg, is or would be embarked on this important expedition. The destination which which has been given out is Mobile. The rebel sympathizers, however, are quite sure that the expedition is going to Texas.

It is reported that some of the troops have already gone forward as the nucleus of the great army of occupation there.

The further talk among these rebel sympathizers was that this concentration of Federal troops at the mouth of the Rio Grande was in consequence of an anticipated rupture of friendly relations between France and the United States; that certain demands have been made of the French Emperor in respect to his operations in Mexico, which, if not complied with, will be immediately followed by the invasion of the country by Gen. Grant; that a secret understanding contemplating some such invasion exists between President Lincoln and the fugitive Mexican President Juarez; that finally, a war between France and the United States, growing out of these complications, is not improbable.

A Washington letter says it is reported that important despatches from Minister Corwin relative to the establishment of an Empire under the French auspices in Mexico have been received at the State Department, which will throw considerable light on the manner in which this measure was brought about. Speculation is rife as to the contents of these despatches, but as yet no intimation of their contents has been made public.

Successful Advance of Gen. Steele's Army in Arkansas.

ST. LOUIS, 6th. A special from Memphis to the Republican says the steamer Progress brings news that Gen. Davidson, with cavalry and artillery, constituting the advance of Gen. Steele's army, on the 28th drove the enemy, 7000 strong, across the Bayou Metare bridge, killing and wounding about 100, and capturing 200. Our loss was 30. The rebels burned the bridge after crossing.

General Steele was at Duvall's Bluff on the 31st ult.

☞ The majority for Law the Union candidate for Governor of California at the recent election is reported at 16,000, to be increased, it is thought to 20,000 by the vote of the absent soldiers.

Foreign News.

THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steamship Africa from Liverpool Aug. 22d and Queenstown, 23, arrived at Halifax Sept. 1st.

Great Britain.

Nothing is known of the movements of the Florida since she was last seen off Tuscar, on the evening of the 20th ult. Various speculations had been afloat as to the object of the Florida's visit to British waters. One report was that it was for the purpose of taking on board Mr. Mason, who is about to return to the South.

It was announced by the last steamer that the ship Eagle had arrived at Liverpool from Bermuda, with silver bars taken out of the American ship B. F. Hoxie by the Florida. The Shipping *Gazette* says the silver will be restored to its original consignees. The silver was shipped by an English house and insured in London to the full amount. It is also stated that the commander of the Florida, on hearing of this fact, resolved to restore it to its rightful owners.

The *Times* of the 22d publishes long extracts from the correspondence between the governments of England and America, touching restrictions on the trade between the northern parts of the United States and the Bahamas.

The Army and Navy *Gazette* says it is gratifying to know that Government is not blind to the danger of difficulties with America, nor is it indifferent to the perils of a rupture which we trust the good sense of all respectable Americans will aid us in averting.

The same journal says it is with no wish to flatter the great Republican tyranny which is now raising its head on the North American continent, that it again records its conviction of the ultimate success of the military means the North has set to work to crush the heroic efforts of the South. If Lee were now able to give one knock-down blow and seize Washington, or even if he utterly routed the Army of the Potomac, the effect would be so great that another year would be gained, and with it who knows what gain might be obtained for the Confederates? But should he remain inactive, or permit the Federal army to sweep around into his rear, to flood the Confederacy and overlap all his communications, Richmond may become a mere *caput mortua*, and the South and all be lost.

The London *Globe* regards peace still as distant, but says the issue is not doubtful. The South may be mangled and exhausted, but must win in the end, temporary defeats to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Confederate loan on the 21st rallied 1 per cent. closing at 28 a 26.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 22.—Evening. The official correspondence published by the *Times* to-day regarding Federal independence in the trade with the Bahamas, winds up with a letter from Earl Russell to Lord Lyons, dated July 18, in which he says the British Government would have been discontinued under representations from the British Government, but such not being the case, he (Russell) instructs Lord Lyons to address a fresh remonstrance to the United States Government.

The Polish Insurrection.

There is no news yet of the presentation of the notes to Gortschakoff.

Ten thousand Russian troops have been sent into the Palatinate Lublin.

The Polish leaders avoid engagements with the Russian forces.

The *Courier Du Demruche* says the notes of the three Powers are identical in their conclusion. They call it the gravity of the situation. If Russia does not enter upon the courses indicated by their friendly counsels, she will become responsible for the serious consequences which the prolongation of the war with Poland will bring about.

The U. S. Consul at Frankfort had displayed the Mexican flag. The *Europe* of that city explains that it was in pursuance of an arrangement by which, in case of the overthrow of the Republican authority in Mexico, President Lincoln would allow Mexico to be presented in foreign countries by the agents of the Washington Government. The *Europe* refers to the fact that in March last Mr. Seward declared that Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet would never tolerate a monarchical government in Mexico, and anticipates an immediate war if Louis Napoleon does not confine himself to a demand for indemnity and leave Mexico a Republic.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

The steamer City of New York from Liverpool Aug. 26th, arrived at New York, Sept. 6th.

NEW YORK, 6th. It was reported that a rebel man-of-war is repairing in the Imperial dock-yard at Brest.

The *Globe's* Paris correspondent says, it is reported that sundry vessels, modeled after the Alabama, were quietly building for the rebels in French ports. He also alludes to the canard that instructions have been sent to Count Mercier to protest against the continued recognition at Washington of Juarez's Mexican representatives.

The committee of the Emancipation Society on the 25th ult., memorialized Earl Russell to stop the departure of two steam rams, designed for the Confederate service, constructed by the builders of the Alabama, and ready to sail from the Mersey. They allege that one was ready to sail on or about the 27th of August, and be received by the Florida, which was hovering on the coast for that purpose. They also allege that another iron-clad is approaching completion on the Clyde, and call on the Government to promptly interfere, and apply the law with vigor to prevent hostile acts against a friendly power.

The Daily *News* backs up the memorial by demanding Government interposition.

Mr. Seward, in responding to the address of the Anti-Slavery Conference at Manchester to President Lincoln, says—Their arguments furnish the President with additional motives to put down the insurrection.

There was nothing new on the Polish and Mexican question.

LONDON, Aug. 27th. The *Herald* says: we are inclined to believe that the rumors which anticipate that the South has an immediate intention of arming negroes, are in all probability premature.

The *Advertiser* says correspondence from Germany states that the Confederate frigate Atlanta, which put into Brest for repairs, having no bill of health on board, has been forced to go into quarantine.

LONDON, Aug. 27. It is reported that the U. S. Minister, Mr. Dayton, has received instructions from his government to protest against the French proceedings in Mexico.

A steamer supposed to be the Florida, was seen passing down the channel of Queenstown on the track of American vessels.

The Central Association for the recognition of the Confederate States at Manchester has issued a manifesto strongly urging recognition and friendly mediation by European Powers, for the interest of all parties.

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	$7 00 to 10 00	Round Hog,	$5 00 to 6 00
Corn Meal,	1 00 to 1 10	Clear Salt Pork,	9 00 to 10 00
Rye Meal,	1 20 to 1 35	Mutton,	6 to 10
Wheat,	1 62 to 2 00	Turkeys,	10 to 12
Rye,	90 to 95	Chickens,	10 to 12
Corn,	85 to 90	Geese,	7 to 10
Barley,	75 to 80	Clover seed,	10 to 15
Beans,	2 50 to 3 00	Herdsgrass,	2 50 to 2 75
Oats,	60 to 65	Red Top,	75 to 80
Potatoes,	90 to 95	Hay,	14 00 to 16 00
Dried Apples,	6 to 8	Lime,	85 to 1 00
Cooking "	25 to 30	Fleece Wool,	45 to 60
Winter "	40 to 50	Pulled Wool,	50 to 60
Butter	18 to 20	Sheep Skins,	1 75 to 2 00
Cheese,	11 to 14	Hides,	6½ to 7
Eggs,	16 to 18	Calf Skins,	14 to 15
Lard,	12 to 14	Lamb Skins,	75 to 1 00

BRIGHTON MARKET---Sept. 2.

At market, 1711 Beeves, 225 Stores, 7600 Sheep and Lambs and 450 Swine.

PRICES—*Market Beef*—Extra $8.75; first quality $8.00; second do., $7,00; third do. $6.50.

Working Oxen—$160, 115, 110, 100, @ $75.

Milch Cows—$23 @ $50.

Veal Calves—$5.00 @ $7,00.

Yearlings—$9@15; two years old, $15@24; three years old $24 @ 40.

Hides—3 @ 8¢. *Calf Skins* 12 @14c. ℔ lb.

Tallow—Sales at 7c @ 7½c ℔ lb.

Pelts—75 @ 1 00.

Sheep and Lambs—$2,50 @ $4,00.

Swine—Wholesale, 8¢; retail, 9¢.

Beeves are sold by the head, at prices equal to the value per pound of the estimated weight of beef in the quarter, the same price, at a shrinkage from live weight, agreed on by the parties, varying from 28 to 34 ℔ cent.

BOSTON MARKET....Sept 5.

Flour—The market is steady but quiet for Flour, and the sales have been at $4,75 @ $5.00 for Western superfine; $5,25 @ $5,75 for common extras; $6,00 @ $6,75 for medium do.; and $7,00 @ $9,25 for good and choice brands, including favorite St. Louis.

CORN—Western mixed, 78 @ 80c, per bushel.

OATS—Western and Canada, 50 @ 60c ℔ bushel.

RYE—$1 05 ℔ bushel.

HAY—Sales of Eastern at $15; @ $16.

WOOL—Fleece and pulled Wool, 65 @ 70 ℔ lb.

NEW YORK MARKET.....Sept. 7.

Flour—State and Western more active, 5 and 10 cts. better; Superfine State $4,00 a $4.50; extra $4,80 a 4,95; choice, 5,00 a 6,10; round hoop Ohio $5,75 a 5,40; superfine Western 4,00 a 4,50; extra Western 4,55 a 5,95; Southern 5 and 10c lower—mixed to good $5,10 a $6,25; fancy and extra $6,75 a 9,00; Canada 5 a 10c better—common 4,90 a 4,00; extra $5,00 a $7,00.

Wheat opened dull and 1 a 2 cents better—Chicago spring 85 a 1,04; Milwaukie club 88c @ $1 12; red winter western $1 15 @ $1,20; Canada club 1 10 @ $1 17.

Corn 1 a 2c better—mixed western 74c @ 75c.

Barley—Not quoted.

Special Notices.

The sale of the Plantation Bitters is without precedent in the history of the world. There is no secret in the matter. They are at once the most speedy, strengthening health-restorer ever discovered. It requires but a single trial to understand this. Their purity can always be relied upon. They are composed of the celebrated Calisaya Bark, Cascarilla Bark, Dandelion, Chamomile Flowers, Lavender Flowers, Wintergreen, Anise, Cloverbuds, Orange-peel, Snake-root, Caraway, Coriander, Burkock,

S.—T.—1860—X. &c.

They are especially recommended to clergymen, public speakers, and persons of literary habits and sedentary life, who require free digestion, a relish for food, and clear mental faculties.

Delicate females and weak persons are certain to find in these Bitters what they have so long looked for.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.

They create a healthy appetite.

They are an antidote to change of water and diet.

They overcome the effects of dissipation and late hours.

They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.

They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.

They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.

They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.

They cure Diarrhœa, Cholera and Cholera Morbus.

They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak man strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer.

The following startling and emphatic statements can be seen at our office.

Letter of Rev. E. F. CRANE, Chaplain of the 107 New York Regiment:

NEAR ACQUIA CREEK, March 4, 1863.

Owing to the great exposure and terrible decomposition after the battle of Antietam, I was utterly prostrated and very sick. My stomach would not retain medicine. An article called Plantation Bitters, prepared by Dr. Drake of New York, was prescribed to give me strength and an appetite. To my great surprise they gave me immediate relief. Two bottles almost allowed me to join my regiment. * * * * * I have since seen them used in many cases, and am free to say, for hospital or private purposes I know of nothing like them.

REV. E. F. CRANE, Chaplain.

Letter from the Rev. N. E. GILDS, St. Clairsville, Pa.

GENTLEMEN:—You were kind enough, on a former occasion to send me a half dozen bottles of Plantation Bitters for $3.50. My wife having derived so much benefit from the use of these Bitters, I desire her to continue them, and you will please send us six bottles more for the money inclosed.

I am, very truly, yours,

N. E. GILDS, Pastor Ger. Ref. Church.

SOLDIERS' HOME, SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, Cincinnati, Ohio, Jan. 15th, 1863.

* * * * * * * *

I have given your Plantation Bitters to hundreds of our noble soldiers who stop here, more or less disabled from various causes, and the effect is marvelous and gratifying.

Such a preparation as this is I heartily wish in every family, in every hospital, and at hand on every battle field.

G. W. D. ANDREWS, Superintendent.

Dr. W. A. CHILDS, Surgeon of the Tenth Vermont Regiment, writes:—"I wish every soldier had a bottle of Plantation Bitters. They are the most effective, perfect, and harmless tonic I ever used."

WILLARD'S HOTEL, Washington, D. C., May 22d, 1863.

GENTLEMEN:—We require another supply of your Plantation Bitters, the popularity of which daily increases with the guests of our house. Respectfully,

SYKES, CHADWICK & Co.

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

Be sure that every bottle bears the fac-simile of our signature on a steel plate label, with our private stamp over the cork.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
202 BROADWAY.

Sold by all respectable Druggists, Physicians, Grocers, Hotels, Saloons, and country dealers. cop6m37

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.

Published for the benefit, and as a warning and CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay of Manhood, etc., supplying at the same time, THE MEANS OF SELF CURE. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense and injury through medical humbug and quackery.

By enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, single copies may be had of the author. NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq.,
1y23 Bedford, Kings County, N. Y.

BALLOON ASCENSION.

The Executive Committee of the HANCOCK AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have engaged the celebrated Æronaut, S. R. King of Boston, to make a Balloon Ascension from their grounds during the coming Fair. The Ascension will be made Sept. 25th, at 2 o'clock, P. M. SAMUEL WASSON, Sec'y.

Ellsworth, Aug. 29, 1863. 3w39

Married.

In Augusta, Sept. 4th, by Hiram Sawtelle, Esq., Abner D. Weeks of A., to Anna M. Fernald of China.

In Litchfield, Sept. 6th, by Josiah True, Esq., R. Williams Alley of Hartford, to Isabella C. Hinckley of L.

In Belfast, Joseph E. Johnson of Waldo, to Amanda A. Philbrook of Knox.

In Northport, James Yeaton to Cascalene Rhoads.

In Rockland, Edwin Davis to Nancy T. Hastings of Hope.

In Swanville, Joseph Pickard to Lydia M. Curtis.

In Thorndike, Joseph Philbrick to Agnes W. Littlefield.

In Jackson, Franklin Ricker to Mary Carleton.

In Bath, Joseph D Williams to Ellen C. Rideout.

In Biddeford, Loring Davis to Mary E. O'Brien of Lubec.

In Saccarappa, John Little to Jeunette Hamblin, both of Windham.

In West Minot, Rev. Edwin A. Harlow of Hebron, to Eliza A. Pritchard of Upper Stillwater.

In Bremer, Charles F. Nickerson to Annette E. Chambers.

In Hampden, Edwin Norton to Catharine McPherson.

Died.

In Augusta, Aug. 29th, Charles Albert, son of Enoch and Matilda Libbey, aged 14 years 9 months; Aug. 30th, Lillian Harriet, only child of Lieut. Hillman and Sarah J. Smith, aged 7 weeks.

In Winthrop, June 25th, William H. Whitney, aged 29 years.

In Leeds, Chas. Elkins, aged 80 years; Mary Trask, aged 62 years.

In North Belgrade, Aug. 27th, Samuel H., youngest child of Dea. John and Thankful Page, aged 26 years 11 months.

In Bangor, Aug. 15th, Amos H. Richardson, a returned volunteer, aged 39 years 10 months.

In Blooming Grove, Wis., Aug. 29th, Esther Wood, widow of Elijah Wood, late of Palmyra, aged 54 years.

In Portland, Mrs. Esther, widow of Jeremiah Safford, aged 59 years; Mrs. Ann B., relict of the late Jacob Quincy, Esq., aged 90 years.

In Saccarappa, Otis Valentine, aged 64 years.

In Westport, Mrs. Olive P., wife of Samuel Tarbox, Esq., aged 46 years.

In Woolwich, Carrie D. Hunnewell, aged 20 years 3 months.

In Washington, D. C., Augustus Bond, of Cherryfield, aged 21 years.

TO the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE PETITION OF JAMES E. MILLS, Administrator on the estate of Oliver A. Webber, late of Vassalborough, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, respectfully represents, that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts and demands against said estate by the sum of seven hundred dollars; that said deceased died seized and possessed of certain real estate, situate in said Vassalborough, and described as follows, viz:—The homestead farm of the deceased, excepting so much as has been set off as dower to the widow. That a partial sale of said real estate would injure the remainder thereof; that an advantageous offer has been made to him for said real estate, by Hezekiah Cross, and that the interest of all concerned will be promoted by an immediate acceptance thereof. Said Administrator therefore prays that he may be authorized to accept of said offer, and sell said real estate to the person making the same. JAMES E. MILLS.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....In Court of Probate, at AUGUSTA, on the first Monday of September, 1863.

On the petition aforesaid, ORDERED, That notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of September, instant, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.*

A true copy of the petition and order thereon.

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.* 39*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the first Monday of September*, 1863.

MARY FAIRBANKS, widow of Joseph Fairbanks, late of Monmouth, in said County, deceased, having presented her application for Commissioners to be appointed to assign to her dower in the real estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given, three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, in said County, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of September, instant, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

A true copy. Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 39*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the first Monday of September*, 1863.

ROBERT CLEAVES, Administrator on the Estate of Delia Ann Cleaves, late of Chelsea, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the Estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the fourth Monday of September, instant, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

A true copy. Attest J. BURTON, *Register.* 39*

KENNEBEC COUNTY...*At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the first Monday of September*, 1863.

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT purporting to be the last will and testament of SARAH SAWYER, late of Litchfield, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the fourth Monday of September, instant, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.*

True copy. Attest: J. BURTON, *Register* 39*

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator with the will annexed, on the Estate of

AARON WHITE, late of VASSALBOROUGH,

in the County of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs:—All persons, therefore, having demands against the Estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

September 7, 1863. 39* THOMAS LITTLE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of

THOMAS YOUNG, 21, late of WINDSOR,

in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs:—All persons therefore, having demands against the Estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

September 7, 1863. 39* THOMAS C. DAVIS.

LOST,

Between my house in Manchester and Augusta, on the 3d inst., a small BLACK LEATHER TRAVELING BAG, containing several articles of clothing, &c., whoever will return said bag to me or leave at the Farmer Office, shall be suitably rewarded. ALDEN SAMPSON.

Manchester, 9th mo. 4th, 1863. 3w39

WOOL! WOOL!

The subscriber will pay the highest market price for fleece wool, and wool skins.

I have now for sale, and intend to keep for sale the present fall, an assortment of WORKING OXEN, also Beef Stock, at the BRANCH MILLS, Palermo.

A. B. LONGFELLOW.

Branch Mills, Sept. 7, 1863. 39

FARM FOR SALE.

Situated in South Belfast, three and a half miles from the city proper. Said farm contains about a hundred and thirty-five acres, suitably divided for farming purposes. It is under a good state of cultivation, cuts about thirty tons of hay, has a large orchard of choice grafted fruit, &c., and is pleasantly located on a main road, in a good neighborhood and near a fine school house.

The buildings, consisting of a large house and barn, and the necessary outbuildings, are in good repair and all well supplied with living water.

There are fifteen acres of heavy growth hard wood, and considerable young growth on the farm. The stock, carriages, tools, &c., belonging to the farm, will be sold if desired.

Circumstances render it necessary to dispose of the property, and any one wanting a farm will obtain a satisfactory bargain.

Inquire at the Farmer Office, or on the premises.

JOHN BRACKETT.

Belfast, Sept. 7, 1863. cop39tf

FARM FOR SALE,

Pleasantly situated in West Gardiner, on the road leading from Hallowell to Lewiston, five miles from Hallowell. Said farm contains seventy acres of good land, divided into mowing, tillage, pasturage and woodland. It is well watered and well fenced and under good improvement. Buildings comfortable and convenient. Privilege as good as can be found in any country place. Said farm can be bought at a bargain. Good farming tools and stock can be had with the farm if wanted.

For further particulars inquire of the subscriber on the premises. JOHN FOGG.

West Gardiner, Sept. 1, 1863. 4w39*

FARM FOR SALE.

A large and convenient farm, situated in Pittston on the river road, three miles below the Gardiner and Pittston Bridge. Said farm contains one hundred and forty-three acres—excellent pastures and a young growth of wood. It extends from the Kenne bec river to the Nahumkeag pond. The buildings are in a good condition, the land in a fair state of cultivation, and in every way a desirable farm. It is to be sold to close the estate. For further particulars apply to Mrs. R. W. NICHOLS, on the premises, or to

JOSEPH BRADSTREET, Gardiner.

Gardiner, Sept. 1, 1863. 3m39

SOMETHING NEW.

A MACHINE FOR TURNING T

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Poetry.

NATURE'S MUSIC.

Come forth from the glittering haunts of men—
From the city's crowded street—
When the flowers of Spring, in glade and glen,
Are springing all bright and sweet;
Where the wind-flower nods in the gentle breeze,
And the wild-vine clings to the swaying trees.

There list to the strains that untutored flow
From Nature's sunny lips;
They will lighten the heart weighed down with woe,
And the music of art eclipse.
The wild bird's carol, the waterfall,
Will have music to charm the hearts of all.

And come when the summer asserts her reign,
And the soothing zephyrs play
O'er the ripening fields of golden grain,
On the hill-tops far away;
And hear from the forest the ceaseless din
Of the insect myriads that swarm within.

And the lightning's flash, and the thunder's roll,
And the sound of the coming storm,
Will wake a chord in the inmost soul,
That Nature alone can charm:
The organ may peal, and the choir may sing,
But nothing but Nature can touch that string.

When the chill wind of autumn is sighing around,
And summer's green mantle has fled,
How sad, and how sweet, as borne down to the ground,
Is the music of leaves, sere and dead;
How sad and how solemn, the strains that we hear,
That mourn through the tree tops the wane of the year.

When the blasts of December sweep coldly along,
Through the forests all leafless and bare,
There is music, though wild, in its shrill-whistled song,
That is wafted along on the air;
And the sweeping wind on the snow-capped hills,
The heart's deep casket with music fills.

For the voices of Nature in every form,
Are sweeter than those of Art,
And the music of bird, or breeze, or storm,
Forever is dear to my heart;
And the voices of Nature, though wild they be—
I love them, they all have a charm for me.

—*Country Gentleman.*

Our Story-Teller.

THE QUAKER LOVERS.

I remember right well the first time I ever saw Job Dean. It was on a Fast-day in third month, when the roads were at their worst, and traveling hardly possible, except for beings that wear wings. The wind blew too as if the people in the world were all deaf and must be made to hear. And that day at meeting I saw Job Dean on the men's side, close to friend Swan; but I scarcely looked at him, for shivering without fire, I had all I could do to keep myself "in the spirit on the Lord's day."

But when we went home, driven before the wind, I sinking in a mud hole, heard a voice from a snow drift on my left, saying:

"Rachel, this is our friend Job Dean thee has heard me speak of. Friend Dean, let me make the acquainted with my daughter Rachel."

So I gave friend Dean my hand across a dividing line of water, ice, and snow. I smile now as I think how an adverse wind sent Job Dean to me, and how there lay between us a sullen patch of water, ice and snow.

I looked at him and saw first his drab suit, which fitted well his personable figure, and next his serene blue eyes, the soul's windows, clear as crystal for him who gazed out, but opaque as prisms for him who would look in; I had seen the like of them before, eyes which baffle curiosity, which sees all from an ambush, "deep, unutterable," mute eyes. They may wear a smile which you think means joy or complaisance, till you find it means nothing, that is worn all the same over a happy or a bleeding heart, and give no more hint of the hidden depths than a flower whose roots strike deep into a grave while its blossoms flaunt in the sunlight.

I cannot talk to such eyes. I could not say much to friend Job, though there was something in his stiff, quiet ways which pleased me, and though a certain expression in my father's face bade me try my best to be social. Father was always a little stern. When his hand lay on my head even with an unspoken pleading, I always felt it like the weight of the Old and New Testaments, with the law as well as the gospels. He had said to me at two different times, "Rachel, when Job Dean goes through the State he will make it in his way to call on us, and I shall want thee to treat him the best thee knows how."

It needed only these words and the steady gaze of my father's eye to warn me that friend Dean must be entertained like a stranger who may turn out to be an angel. But words would not come. I only said:

"I've often heard of thee friend Dean, and now I am glad to see thee."

And he answered, "I have also heard frequent mention of thee, friend Rachel. It give me pleasure to meet thee." So we reached home entire strangers, and there still lay before us the patch of snow and ice. On opening the door we met Dr. Ehrmann just descending the front stairs.

"Only a nervous attack," said he in answer to my father's inquiries. "Lydia come for me in a fright. Some one had been so thoughtless," added he, nodding at me with a smile, "as to tell her war stories, poor old lady."

"Why don't thee scold me," cried I, "scold me severely; thee knows well I deserve it!"

He opened his lips to say something kind, I suppose, the good doctor, when father presented him to this angel unawares, Job Dean. I saw him take the stranger into the dissecting room of his brain. I knew he was studying him with a quick eye! but friend Job courteously extended his hand, and whether he perceived that he was being measured, body and soul, was more than I could tell.

Then they all entered the parlor, and I rushed up stairs to my great-aunt. She was sleeping at last, poor soul. Between real and fancied ailments, she kept our family physician busy. From the time that my conscience was first old enough to prick me at all, I had been penitent every day of my life for some thoughtless offence against the dear, nervous old lady, my mother's sister. She was not a "Friend." My father married "out of meeting." They say my mother was a bright, quick spirit, always on wings, while my father trod the solid ground, a man of well-persuaded mind. She died before I can remember. I was educated at an excellent "drab-colored boarding school," where bread and butter misses were actually allowed plenty of bread and butter. Now I had come home to live. I had caught from my teachers, and from the long association with the friends of our society, a staidness of deportment which gave general satisfaction. Sometimes my father said he almost believed I had an equable temperament, after all. Equable! So is a thermometer! So is a little boy, or sea water swayed by the moon!

The truth is, we women learn how to fold ourselves about in layers of decorum. I was encased in a net-work of maxims and rules of propriety, and there I stayed, locked in, unless now and then some rare soul like child-like Aunt Filura or good Dr. Ehrmann, knew how to touch the secret spring, when I must come, whether I would or not, and be my own wild impulsive self. Whether friend Job would ever see me otherwise than a prim Quaker damsel, depended entirely on the natural magnetism of his nature. What presentiment had I on that subject? Ah, friend, thee needn't ask too close questions. A maiden may have intuitions, but even when one tries to tell a true story, don't thee think there are some things one might as well keep back?

I went down to see about dinner, and the first person I met was our guest, Job Dean. My father was leading him about, exhibiting to him the excellent pump, clothes-wringer, and cheese press. Whether friend Job was interested or annoyed, no mortal could tell. He stiffly pushed back the auburn hair from his forehead, and listened to all my father had to say with the same "heart-hidden smile."

I felt as if I couldn't breathe with a stranger in the kitchen!

"It's a fine day," said I foolishly.

Friend Job folded his arm together in a hard knot and looked in my face, first at one eye and then at the other.

"I can't entirely agree with thee," said he, dryly.

I fancied there was a twinkle of fun in his eye.

"I beg thy pardon. It's a miserable day! But don't thee feel comforted to think how this sloppy, watery snow is 'turning the sod to violets?'"

"What did thee observe?"

A twinkle in his eye, indeed! It must have been just a twitching of the lids! I was in despair. If people can't talk about the weather, pray what can they talk about?

"Thee sees our northern country only in outline; it isn't beautiful yet. Thee hasn't any idea how much lovelier it is in summer."

"The season is backward," replied Job, and that was all he said. I think silence conceals one's thoughts even better than words, in spite of philosophers. Let a man put on a look of calm superiority and keep it on, it will avail him more than "nine measures of talk."

I got them into the parlor. The doctor sat reading.

"Don't worry, Rachel," said he in a low voice: how did he know I was worried? "We will find something to say."

"Thee can do a great many things, friend Charles," said I, "but I'm afraid thee'll find this a little beyond thy powers."

I flew about getting dinner. The fire was out and so was "Liddy," the house-keeper, she always goes home on First day. I tipped the cream pitcher over my silk dress, scorched the beans, set the carving-knife beside them on the table, and left off the spoons, castors and plates. Still it was late before dinner was ready. I was afraid the doctor would not wait.

"I am glad thee stayed," when I went to call them; "I think thee is very thoughtful, my friend." He was near the door, and no one could hear me but him. He looked up with a rogueish smile.

"Rachel, don't keep always thanking me too much! I believe you think I'm old and saintly, and when I serve you I do it for penance, and not for my own pleasure."

When we seated ourselves at table, I was sure something was wrong, and I am afraid when we folded our hands to ask a silent blessing, my heart did not rise in gratitude, for I smelled scorched beans. Every time I left my chair to bring some forgotten article, my father exclaimed, "Why, Rachel," in a tone which set my cheeks to tingling. Thee will understand it, fair reader. Never before had my father brought a young man to the house with the earnest injunction, "Rachel, I want thee to treat him the best thee knows how." Never had I seen him more attentive to a guest, and there was I, his only daughter, giving but a shallow hospitality, feeding this distinguished stranger almost on husks, and blundering every time I addressed him.

I don't know whether Job Dean overlooked my woful deficiencies as hostess, for though exceedingly well-mannered, he was not much given to polite society-lies. And then Dr. Erhmann talked like a magpie, calling every one's attention from me to himself. I don't know how many dishes of sentiment and science he had dipped into before we came to dessert, and by that time, thanks to his kindness, my cheeks were comfortably cool.

"Well, what does thee think of friend Dean?" inquired my father with considerable earnestness the first time he saw me alone.

"I think he is nicer than a pin" said I, with unwonted flippancy. "Why I shouldn't wonder if he mowed his front yard with a pair of scissors, and looked through a microscope when he brushed his coat! How old is he?"

"He is of age," returned my father, severely. "My daughter, thee is too quick with thy tongue. I meant to ask how thee likes him?"

"Like him, father?" Why, as well as I like anybody who makes me feel like a dunce. Don't thee think he has preeminently the gift of silence?"

"He is a young man that is rather put to it for talk, Rachel; but it would be well for prattling girls to remember that the fool has his heart on his tongue, and the wise man keeps his tongue in his heart."

I don't know which was most surprised that evening, father or I, when Job opened his mouth and spoke for a quarter of an hour without stopping. His words were well chosen and smoothly uttered. It did me good to see how pleased father was, looking out at me from under his eyebrows to make sure I heard it all. It was about the "Inward Teacher," and "the meek and quiet spirit," and similar themes, very sweet and solemn. The sentences dripped one after another from his lips like fragrant honey of Hymettees; but the monotony somehow reminded me more of a row of sugar plums, all of a size and strung on a thread. I was in awe of so much sanctity; we had surely been entertaining an angel unawares.

"I did not know before that thee was a speaker, Job," said my father, shaking the young man's hand at the conclusion of the discourse.

"It is a gift of the Spirit," said Job, meekly, and as he was not moved to any farther remarks there fell a silence upon all.

I saw how it was; Job had nothing to say unless he harrangued; no crackers, squibs, torpedoes, and small shot, nothing but solid bullets, which are hardly convenient for common use. We held little conversation with him, but as time passed on the number of sermons we heard was truly edifying. Somehow his opinion never clashed with father's or mine. Either he and we were congenial spirits or Job had a large share of tact. Now I am a patriot, I trust, and so is father. There's not a drop of blood in our hearts that doesn't throb like a drum when our country is mentioned. Job said he was "glad we felt to uphold the war even though the "Friends" in general might censure us. He had fully decided to enlist at the next call. We were always commanded to 'resist unto blood striving against sin.'" I declare my heart was aglow with enthusiam to hear him speak so warmly. His daily walk and conversation might be unmitigated prose, yet these chance utterances revealed the soul on fire, and I almost believed him a poet sometimes, faintly reminding me of our own Whittier. Father, seeing other phases of his character, thought he had a decided business turn. But poet or man of the world, whichever he might be, we did not become acquainted; I think it was his eyes which held me under a spell.

"Aunt Filura," said I at the end of three weeks, "what does this mean? I thought this man was thrown up North here almost by accident. They say that 'whatever goes up must come down again,' but I see no signs of his gravitating an inch. Not a word yet about going home."

"Aunt Filura smiled meaningly.

"What an innocent dove you are," said she. "When I was young, girls didn't put on such artless airs and pretend ignorance, seems to me."

"What can thee mean, dear auntie? Thee don't say——"

"I say nothing," replied Aunt Filura: "you mustn't look so wild, dear, for it sets my heart to beating."

"He, that man, Job Dean, isn't thinking of me for a —wife!"

Aunt Filura said nothing for the space of a minute, while I heard the heavy throbbing of somebody's heart—not hers.

"I'm a silly old lady, dear, and you mustn't think too much of my words. Nobody ever hinted such a thing to me—and if you go and tell your father what I have said I shall take it hard, Rachel!"

"Why, auntie," said I, soothingly, "thee hasn't said a word. Father is so solemn, always thinking of eternity; it never came into his head that I should marry. He doesn't believe in love. I've heard him say the Bible doesn't encourage romantic notions."

"Well, I don't know what you call love," said Aunt Filura, with unusual energy, "I've always took it he loved your poor mother better than his own soul, *for he perjured* himself to get her!"

I sprang from my chair in horror.

"You'll scare me out of my wits, Rachel.—You keep me a-talking, and I say things that hadn't ought to be said! I didn't mean so bad as perjury; but there was a slick little Quakeress he'd ought to have married, if he hadn't broke his engagement, and when he did, the Quakeress broke her heart to offset. Not to say she died on the spot, you know. It ain't saying either that she didn't marry somebody else, but her heart wasn't in it. She was this Job's mother; her husband was a Dean."

"Why, Aunt Filura, does thee know this to be a fact?"

"'Taint likely, dear, I'd sit here and make up stories! Don't you never let on to your father about it. He's been a suffering man, and your poor mother, too. I've always calculated to tell you the story when you was old enough; but I shouldn't have said a word for a year or two yet, if you hadn't fairly scared it out of me. It's no more'n just for you to know that a good deal of money has gone for Job's schooling. Not but that your father's in the right to make up for his errors; don't you say so dear? You see Job's father has a second wife, and quite a family; and he's said to be a shifty-minded man without any great faculty. But Job is quite a likely fellow and bids fair to do well, I should think."

There was an upward slide in Aunt Filura's tone, inviting an answer. I had none to make. I was thinking of Abraham and Isaac. When the Lord told Abraham to offer up his little son—did he flinch? If my father should fancy that his daughter was asking his sacrifice, was he a man to hesitate?

I couldn't well be blind after this, and I confess I did see, day after day, stronger proofs that in Job's heart or mind at any rate, the tide was setting in strongly toward a declaration.

But when it came at last I was surprised, flattered, too, perhaps by his eagerness, though with such a tumult of feelings surging at my heart that I could not tell which was uppermost. I wanted time to think.

"I will wait on thee with patience," said Job. "Thee must commune with thy own heart and the Spirit. But Rachel, believe that I love thee beyond my power of telling, and have had thy father's sanction from the first. I would serve for thee as long as Jacob did for thy namesake, but I shall never love another woman, thee may mark my words, Rachel?"

For Job Dean to say all this, and ten times more, was as great a marvel as if a stone had cried out. There was a faint, far-off echo away down in my heart; had its chords been touched by their master?

I remember how I gazed in the glass that afternoon. Had Job ever noticed that my eyes were as blue and bright as forget-me-nots? But no, he would have only cautioned me to turn them away from beholding vanities, for Job was a saintly man, unmoved by beauty. How the massive black hair rippled down my neck when I drew out the comb! "Good natured hair," the Irish call it, laughing like a quick brook ruffled by breezes. Why shouldn't it curl? It wanted to. I caught these wild tresses of my mother. If she had lived, would they have been tortured into straight lines? Should I have married "in the meeting?" It was good to be a Quaker, but weren't there people who loved God, yet didn't wear drab? I wondered who lived in the great world. Its poets I had read in books, its young men I scarcely knew. There was Dr. Ehrmann, the best man in existance, but not a young man, thirty-five at least. Weren't there other people one might meet in all one's life except preaching friends and old bachelors?

Patience Allen staid with us to tea that evening. She seemed fairer than ever with her dainty, pretty ways, not awed or stiffened by my unsocial friend Job, not she! she could act herself before him, while I continually felt like a pine tree trying to personate a grape-vine, ill at ease and afraid of his vigilant eyes.

Job watched Patience with pleasure; she provoked him into broad smiles.

"These are the women men admire," thought I "and verily I cannot wonder." Why shouldn't Job have fancied her rather than me? They happened to be tracing maps together, and now and then there came a little peal of laughter from the rosy lips of Patience, which Job always echoed faintly, but if he had been tingling with merriment to the ends of his fingers, he couldn't have laughed heartily—it wasn't in him.

By-and-by Dr. Ehrmann came to walk home with Patience. He talked to me with great perseverance, but he must have known I didn't attend. I was thinking, "How would it have been if Job had known her first?" But now there was no other way possible for him but to go on loving me to the end of his days, whether I accepted him or not. Nobody must smile at this; it was a young thought, I was in my teens then. I looked at my father and saw that he was watching Job like a shrewd man who thinks to read character in faces. I wanted to go up to him and say,

"Father, what is this that thee sanctions? my marriage with Job, or my cancelling of his mothers old debt against thee?"

Dr. Ehrmann was talking of the war, I suppose, for I caught the word "guerillas." Presently he looked straight into my eyes, and in his expressibly way:

"May I ask what troubles you, Rachel? I have been talking to the air, now I will turn and address *you*."

"Why, friend Charles, thee is the strangest man, always reading my face like an open book!"

"Only the chapters and headings, Rachel; if you are willing to let me know more you must kindly interpret. Thee little knows how gladly I would help thee out of thy perplexity," added he, sliding into the "plain language," as he did sometimes when he was conversing together on topics of personal and peculiar interest.

"Thank thee, Charles! I have gone to thee many a time when my heart was sad, and thee has always said or done something to comfort me, but this I must keep to myself. It isn't tellable, there is nothing to tell. I'm not worried, and if I am, thee mustn't notice it."

Friend Charles smiled a little at first, as well he might, at such a bungling speech. But in a minute he was very serious, and I fancied by the curious glances he cast at Job that he more than suspected why I was troubled.

"My dear child," said he, "I will be blind and deaf if it is necessary, but—"

Here charming, airy little Patience began to flutter hither and thither like a butterfly. Either she thought I was claiming more than my share of Dr. Ehrmann's notice, or she was tired of entertaining monosyllabic Job; at all events home she must go, and that too immediately. I was vexed with the sly little slip of a coquette, for somehow I wanted to continue my conversation with the doctor. I had no idea of betraying Job's confidence, yet since Charles knew I was perplexed he would be sure to say something I should like to hear and think of, even though it was only vague and could not apply to this case in particular. There are some people whose very presence is soothing, whose mere glance is more to you than common-place words. For such a gift of shedding sunshine I would sacrifice years of my life. But now all Charles found time to say was,

"Rachel, I must see thee again and have a long conversation; there is a story I have been wishing to tell thee. But meanwhile, my friend, let me say one thing, don't let any one influence thee against the promptings of they own heart. Thee will forgive such an old acquaintance. Be true to thyself, oh, Rachel, be true to thyself."

And why wasn't I? Father didn't urge me, that is, not in so many words, and Job didn't hurry me. But I wanted to end the suspense. I felt driven by the storm of fate directly toward the calm haven of Job's love. He seemed to hold me so unspeakably dear; it was such a delightful novelty to be worshipped; and then I knew father's wishes weighed with me more than all. He didn't urge me much, only because he thought there was no need of it, he took my acquiesence for granted.

Well, I felt as if it was to be and must be. I accepted Job. I thought he would be considerably elated, to say the least, and had pictured to myself a flattering show of enthusiasm. Not a bit of it; it was quite what he expected; and he was simply content.

Father took me into the parlor and talked with me a long while. I sobbed like a child, and leaned against the mantle for support. I had been struggling with so many contending feelings, that now it was all over, my fortitude gave away.

"Why, Rachel," said my father, with unusual tenderness," I hope thee hasn't any doubts in thy mind!"

"Oh, father, it's too late to think of doubts; my word is passed! No, no, I don't repent; it's all for the best!"

"God bless thee, my daughter," said he, laying his hand on my head. "Thee has been sometimes a wayward child, but now thee is all a father can ask. I feared thee wouldn't take a natural fancy to friend Job, he is grave beyond his years; but I am glad thee has so much good sense. There is nothing thee could have done to please me so well, Rachel."

As if I hadn't known that all along! Then followed long talks between father and Job about my dowry, quite a fortune, which had been gaining interest for years. Job was to be a merchant, and this was the capital with which my father was to set him up in business. He seemed to have an adventurous spirit, and while yet in college had entered into various speculations. I haven't any head for such matters, and always left the room when the conversation turned to stocks in trade, only too glad of an excuse to steal away. I had never enjoyed solitude so well. Now that Job had more than the right of a guest to expect my attention, I found it more irksome than ever to entertain him. Sometimes we sat in the parlor together for half an hour without speaking. Whenever I turned my head his eyes followed me, if I was knitting or sewing he watched the play of my fingers. There was only one theme on which we met as congenial spirits: when he was roused to speak of the war and said in his impressive way, "Dear as thou art, Rachel, our country is dearer; can thee accept a divided heart?" Then I own I was proud of him, and shook hands with him, saying. "Thee shall go when thee will, Job, thee'll never find me standing in thy way."

One day we had a riding party to Oak Grove and a pic-nic. It was then that our engagement became known, though what should have published it to beyond my power of telling. The excellent Dr. Ehrmann was one of our party, riding with Patience, of course. How handsome the little witch looked! She wouldn't have been half so beautiful in mixed colors; but drab shades softened her bloom just as a light fog softens a sunny landscape. Dr. Ehrmann seemed to have eyes and ears for no one else.

"It is her vivacity which captivates him," thought I, "he is really looking much older than usual; he likes her youthful gayety, which turns his wrinkles of care into ripples of laughter."—What was all this to me that I should go to criticising little Patience so severely? Here were only surface charms; there was no sensible man who would fancy such a woman for his wife. Yet why not? Marriages are mysterious providences: for instance, who could have foreseen mine two months ago?

I suppose I was as happy and fortunate as people in general, but to-day I made a discovery; Job was naturally jealous. It happened after this wise: While we were sauntering about before supper I chanced to fall in with friend Charles, and suggested that now was a good time for the long story he had promised me. He tried to turn off the subject with a laugh, almost as if he had forgotton his own words, but I saw that his gayety was forced.

"The story may go till thee is ready to tell it; but Charles, I have my little gift at reading faces, and I know thee feels sad to-day: does the war news trouble thee?"

"Yes, Rachel, it sinks into my heart along with many other things. But, my friend, since you like straight forward questions so well, allow me to ask you one. You remember our conversation the other evening. Have you been true to yourself, Rachel, and are you happy?"

It was a home thrust; it knocked at my heart for a reply; but I was too proud to hesitate.

"Yes, Charles, can thee doubt it?"

"Sincerely happy," he went on, looking into the blue distance; "so happy that you find nothing to desire! Then I am glad, Rachel, heartily glad. Allow me to congratulate you, my friend," continued he, stooping to uproot a handful of grass and throw it away. "Forgive me that a moment ago I seemed to question your truth.—If your conduct has surprised me, I am not the first man who has mistaken a woman's feelings. You are not the girl to wrong your own conscience. I wish you joy!"

If he had turned and looked into my face, he might not have said exactly those words; for never had I been less sure of anything in my life than I was just then of my love for Job Dean.

We had unconsciously strayed off from our party, and it was Job's appearance on our return which warned me of his displeasure. While we were riding home he told me with some show of authority that it became me as his betrothed wife to be a little more dignified, a little less trifling in my manners. The words were gentle enough, but I felt as if a chain invisible, and even unsuspected, had suddenly been twitched.

"Job Dean," said I quickly, "don't thee provoke me, for I haven't the temper of a saint, and I won't be controlled! While I was walking with Dr. Ehrmann wasn't thee walking with Patience Swan I'd like to know? If thee isn't willing I should speak a word to an old friend, thee'll suffer a great deal in the course of thy life!"

He was subdued in a minute. Job hadn't any spirit, I was beginning to see that. He might make a parade of authority, but I had superior strength of will, and I knew it. After this he tried to soothe me with tender words, but I could not bear it, it irritated me. Every affectionate thing he said repelled and chilled me.

A fortnight dragged its slow length along. I was growing more and more wretched every day of my life, though nobody noticed it but auntie. When I was sad father had always considered me "equable," and as for Job, if I smiled three or four times a day it was well enough; with all his watchful observation, he was not in the least penetrating.

He and father still held long conversations about business, though I fancied I could perceive a change in father; he appeared to have less admiration for Job's business talents, perhaps because it turned out upon investigation that all his speculations had been failures. At any rate father never said to me now, "Rachel, if thy future husband doesn't make his mark in the world, I'm very much mistaken."

Job was going back to Ohio to enlist with the young men of his own town; why didn't he start? When he did go at last, I felt it like treason, the sweet relief which came over me. I knew he might never return, for the terrible uncertaintics of war lay between us; but I could not feel apprehension, only relief. This was not the way a maiden should part with her betrothed husband.

"It's always so with some girls," said Aunt Filura soothingly, "when you are married all will be different."

Let no woman trust to such sophistry. I write this story for a warning.

Friend Charles had lately grown so estranged that he scarcely ever called, and when we met there was a barrier between us which neither he nor I could overcome. This change in my best friend added the last drop to my cup of bitterness, I thought. He had been so much to me, so much more than I had dreamed!

He came one evening. I crushed a letter from Job unread into my pocket. He had called to say good bye; he was going into the army as surgeon. I tried to freeze myself into a statue, for I had already begun to suspect the true state of my heart. That ring of Job's! If it had been changed to a mill-stone and hung about my neck, I couldn't have felt better prepared to be cast into the sea! Words I had no right to speak were on my tongue; emotions I had no right to feel were throbbing at my heart; tears which would not have started if Job had been dying, gushed up and choked me while the doctor held my hand to say good-bye. When people are drowning, it is said their whole past lives rise distinctly before them. I had some such consciousness now as I stood with my hand locked fast in that of my friend for a last farewell. The long, happy years I had known him came thronging back like blessed dreams; the sweet, calm pleasure of reading books together, the interchange of spoken thoughts; walks by the river; evenings by the fireside. Never should I live such days again. No one would be so kind and patient with me, hearing and relieving my little troubles with such an exquisite sympathy. Oh, it was terrible that he was going! I could not but look at him, yet his gaze as it met mine was drawing my heart away from my control.

"Hasn't thee one word for me?" said he, sadly. "Such a patriot as thou art, Rachel! Only say 'God-speed,' my friend!"

His voice trembled over the words. My lips moved once, twice; did he think I could speak? I placed my other hand in his to let it answer for me.

"Don't Rachel, don't," said he, as if my touch hurt him.

I tore my hand from his and rushed away like a whirlwind; that was our parting.

I don't know how the days passed, but we called it summer, though to me it was as Jean Paul says, "No summer, only a winter painted green." They said I was learning household ways under the care of Aunt Filura and "Liddy." There were sundry heavy jokes about bread I made which had no aspirations, and was said to imitate soldier's "hard-tack," suggesting my train of thought; little sly allusions to my future home with a Quaker husband, short but fervent letters from Job, always dated Ohio. But more vividly I remember the wild questions which crowded my heart. Why had an adverse wind sent Job Dean to me? Without his shadow between us might friend Charles and I have understood each other better? There is a hope which is more bitter than despair, there is a despair whose deepest drugs are more precious than hope. Dr. Ehrmann was engaged to Patience, so the village said, and so I had every reason to believe. It was no affair of mine, but ah me, who could say what might have been if only Job Dean had never come, for whose sake I had "forged a lifelong trouble" for myself.

I heard of Dr. Ehrmann from many sources, always as one who loved his fellow men beyond his own ease or health or safety. Even the thoughtless Patience spoke of him with glistening eyes. Every one had a lament to make over the good doctor. I alone was silent. Letters continued to come bearing the Ohio postmark. Job's company had been detained by illness. He was speculating in diverse things, sent messengers to my father. I read with curling lip. Conscience might sting me for it, but even his hand-writing moved me to a feeling akin to anger.

I was working for the soldiers that summer with the energy that sometimes accompanies a restless state of mind. One night walking home with a bundle of sewing, whom should I meet in my path but Job Dean!

"Did thee drop out of the clouds?" cried I, without much welcome in my voice, I fear. So glad as he was to meet me again! My heart smote me.

"When did his company mean to start?"

"They have been gone a week, Rachel," said he, drawing my hand under his arm, "thee'll be the last to blame me, I hadn't the courage to leave thee! Ever since I went away I've been longing for a peep at thy face. Rachel, it's of no use! I can't live without thee! I must take thee back with me to Ohio."

My heart sank like lead, but I answered, coldly. "Then has thee given up enlisting, Job?"

"I have, Rachel. It is not right to darken two young lives. I see thee has been sad without me, my little, clinging, wild-wood flower!"

Very poetical, to be sure! I drew away from him.

"If I'm a flower, Job, thee appears to me only a hard wood trellis; I'd rather lean against a live tree? Art thou a man to be depended upon? Who loved his country next to God and better than me? Who said the Spirit called him to resist unto blood, striving against sin?"

"But, Rachel, I may have obtained clearer views of duty."

"Thee may be a coward. Thee may be changeable! Why did thee give it up?"

"Don't be uncivil, Rachel, a man may change his mind."

"So may a woman. I've changed mine, Job. I'll not marry thee."

What moved me to this outbreak I know not.

"I'm in no mood for joking, Rachel."

"Neither am I, Job. My heart is speaking, and thee must listen. Our engagement has been a wicked thing. It is borne in upon me to tell thee so in all truth and soberness. I give thee back this ring; it burns my finger. I shall always wish thee well, Job, but if the Lord had meant for thee to marry a true woman, He would have given thee a different mind."

"Oh, Rachel, Rachel!"

"A man who can stop his ears to the calls of his country, and write to me about music, moonlight, flowers and love! Thee never had my affections, Job, I have deceived thee. I humbly beg thy pardon—in sight of Heaven. But if thee had been a true, and honorable, and brave man, I would have kept thy promise to thee, though it broke my heart!"

Job gazed at me like one in a dream. When he awoke to a full consciousness of my meaning, his distress of mind was fearful to witness. What I suffered none can imagine but the few hapless women who have passed through like trials. I may have looked like a Nemesis standing there with compressed lips, but I am sure I felt like Niobe, whose tears had been forced back upon her heart. Now that I had spoken such harsh words, it seemed that my long pent-up anger and rebellion had given place to remorseful pity. Alas! had my father's sin descended to me? Had I too perjured my conscience and broken a true heart?

"Rachel," said my father in stern displeasure, when I told him the story, "thee has broken thy faith; can thee expect to prosper? I own I am disappointed in the young man, he is too much like his father, but thee knows, my daughter, he had thy promise!"

"Yes, but father, it was a *false* promise, which was worse than a lie? Can thee want me to keep it when I feel that I have been enlightened to break it?"

Father remembered his own embittered life, I think, and wanted to save me from remorse. Between his reprimands and Job's earnest pleadings I was wretched indeed; yet there was all the while a voice at my heart which would make itself heard, "Be true to thyself, Rachel."

Thank Heaven, it was not yet too late! Every time I repeated those inspiring words I was confirmed in my determination not to live a lie. I would be true to myself, for only in that way could I possibly hope for God's peace.

But Job lingered day after day as persistent as ever.

"Friend Dean," said I at last, out of all patience, "why will thee pursue this subject further? Thee has used every argument, thee has worn out thy invention!"

"Yet there is one thing I have not said," Job burst forth in a voice of desperation. "If thee will not marry me I am a ruined man! I have sunk full one-half of thy dowry in speculations!"

The whole secret was out at last!

"Take it," cried I. "Keep it for the healing of thy broken heart! Lo, this is the woe which had well-nigh crushed thee to the earth! Thee has acted the despairing lover while thee has only been the *debtor!* Thee is both cowardly and false. Fare thee well, Job Dean!"

I am afraid father was rather glad to find him so unworthy.

"Thee may now have a pretty clear conscience, Rachel, for his heart is not broken, thee may depend upon that!"

I laughed aloud, the first time for many a day. It was so plain to us all all what had been the cause of Job's restless anguish. I had forgiven him the debt; it was quite as well as if I had married him; his lacerated affections were healed on the instant.

Did I thank God for my escape? Yes, though there seemed nothing in the future but long days, though I had no hope of being happy; yet I thanked Him for the peace of a life to myself.

This might have been the end of my story had I written it a year and a half ago; but now I must add how Dr. Ehrmann came home after six months of hospital fever, a mere wreck of his old self—how glad I was to see him, how much afraid he would know it; thee understands, it, fair reader. I was so shocked too, so grieved by his altered appearance! It was all I could do to keep my heart out of my face without trying to speak!

He held my hand in his for a long while, saying,

"Oh, Rachel, what is this? When I went away there was no farewell for me; have you no welcome either?"

Then a feeling of bitter jealousy gave me words.

"Patience can greet thee cordially enough to cover all my deficiencies."

"Can thee mean little Patience Swan; laughed he almost joyfully. "why she's to be married very soon, I hear! Say those words again, Rachel—I don't know why, but there's something in the tone of thy voice that pleases me right well (my mind is weak;) almost as if thee would be sorry a very little, if I cared much for Patience!"

I looked down at the carpet and stammered that I had only repeated what all the village said: there was never any accounting for village gossip.

"That is most true, Rachel, but will thee account for one story I have heard? Is it mere idle talk that thy engagement with Job Dean is broken?"

"Yes, no," faltered I.

"Does thee mean it is all over," cried he, eagerly, "verily ended?"

"Verily."

"Oh, Rachel, then I can speak without treason; then I find thee free to listen, though too late, I fear. Many a time before I have opened my lips to tell my love for thee, but have checked myself and waited, hoping thee might find out thy own state of feeling before I spoke. I was so vain at times, I confess, Rachel, as to fancy thee had a latent spark of liking for me, if thee did but know it! but I was punished for such folly when Job Dean came. I'm not going to tell thee what I suffered. There, there, don't cry, Rachel, I never meant to move pity! This little girl that wouldn't hurt a fly! Why, thee wasn't to blame, dear, how could thee help being——"

Friends, I will not try to report any more of this conversation between Charles and me, though I remember it all with unspeakable pleasure. There are other things beside Quaker sermons that are "best said unsaid."

It was strange how father so readily gave his consent to my union with one of the world's people. That was why he was suspected of being a Hicksite; but I know very well how unyielding he would have proved if it had been any person in the world but Charles.

Since our marriage, Aunt Filura has fallen into the habit of congratulating me heartily every day of my life, but it hasn't tired me yet.

I am sorry to say that Patience, poor child, is married to Job Dean.

GUNNY BAGS.

The inquiry is often made, "What is a gunny bag?" The London *Mechanics' Magazine* tells all about it:

It is a bag made from the coarse spun fibres of a plant which grows in India, of which there are many varieties. On the Coromandel coast this plant is called *goni*, and "gunny" is a corruption of this name. The cultivation of the *chuti, jute* or "gunny," has been carried on for centuries in Bengal, and gives employment to tens of thousands of inhabitants. "Men, women and children," says Mr. Henly, "find employment there. Boatmen, in their spare moments, planteen carriers, and domestic servants, everybody, in fact, being Hindoos—for Mussulmen spin cotton only—pass their leisure moments, distaff in hand, spinning gunny twist." The patient and despised Hindoo widow earns her bread in this way. It is said that three hundred thousand tons of *jute* are grown in India, of which one hundred thousand tons are exported as gunny bags, besides one hundred thousand tons in a raw state. A London company has established a manufactory in Calcutta at an expense of £300,000.

The gunny bag is used for a great variety of purposes. Sugar, coffee, spices, cotton, drugs, indeed, almost every article which we pack in dry casks and in boxes, is, in the East, packed in gunny bags. It is also made into mats, carpets, ropes, paper, and various other articles. It is related that the old gunny bags which contained sugar, are sold to beer makers, who sweeten their beer by boiling the sugar out of the bags, and then sell them to the mat-makers.

Some six or ten millions of gunnies are exported to this country from India, mostly to North America, besides some four or five thousand tons of the rope and raw jute. There are no manufactories of jute cloth in this country, though it is here made into bed-cords, etc. When used for purposes of defense, the bags are filled with sand. They are no better than hemp or flax bags, but are much cheaper.

THE REASON WHY.

According to the Vermont *Chronicle*, the venerable President Humphrey, on one occasion, being asked by an aged woman as to the meaning of those two D's at the end of some ministers' names, replied that they were put there to make those folks equal to the other ones who did not have them.

SPEAKING THE TRUTH.

A person complained to Dr. Franklin of having been insulted by one who called him a scoundrel. "Ah!" replied the doctor, "and what did you call him?" "Why," said he, "I called him a scoundrel, too." "Well," resumed Franklin, "I suppose you both spoke the truth."

A SUBSTITUTE.

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